# UNITED STATES POLICE GAZETTE.

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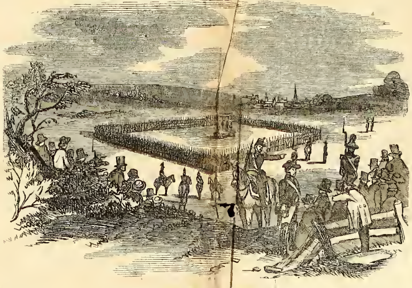
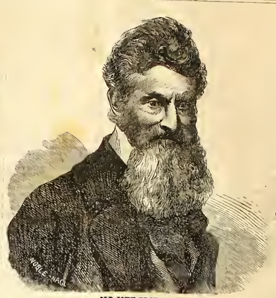
GOVERNOR HENRY A. WISE.



SCENE OF THE EXECUTION.



OLD JOHN BROWN.

## FATE OF A FANATIC.

### LIFE AND DEATH OF OSSAWATOMIE BROWN.

### BROWN'S CAREER IN KANSAS.

### THE INVASION OF VIRGINIA.

### Execution of Old Brown at Charlestown.

### AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

&c. &c. &c. &c.

John Brown, commonly known as Old Brown, of Kansas, or Ossawatomie Brown, has paid the debt incurred by a career of daring and desperate fanaticism, robbery, outrage, invasion and treason. For weeks past, the eyes of the nation have been directed to the scene of his imprisonment and expected [illegible] sympathized with the leader of the Harper's Ferry invasion [illegible] and a panic prevailed [illegible] the slaveholders of Virginia. Gov. Wise, the vigilant and resolute Chief Magistrate of that State, made ample military preparation to protect the officers of justice in carrying out the sentence of the law. No event that has occurred for many years has caused more universal excitement and discussion. In the social circle, in every public gathering, among politicians, professional philanthropists, and even in the churches, John Brown, his deeds and his probable fate have been topics that have kindled fierce feeling and a clamorous war of opinion. We cannot do better, therefore, in catering for the readers of the *United States Police Gazette*, than by publishing, in this issue, while interest in the subject is still deep and all-pervading, a complete history of the career that terminated on Friday (2d of December) upon the gallows at Charlestown, Virginia.

JOHN BROWN'S EARLY LIFE.

The leader of the Harper's Ferry invasion derived his energy, self-reliance and fanaticism from Puritan ancestors.

In the burying ground near the church in Canton Centre, Conn., stands a marble monument upon which is inscribed the following:—

"In memory of Capt. John Brown, who died in the Revolutionary Army, at New York, September 3, 1776. He was of the fourth generation in regular descent from Peter Brown, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, who landed from the May Flower, at Plymouth, Massachusetts, December 22d 1620."

Captain Brown, at his country's call, led forth a company of West Simsbury (now Canton) troops, to the deadly conflict, and fell a victim to the then prevailing epidemic in the American camp. He left a numerous group of little ones, who were reared by his widow with her singular tact and judgment, to habits of industry and principles of virtue, and all became distinguished citizens in the communities in which they resided. One of the sons became a Judge in one of the counties of Ohio. One of the daughters had the honor of giving to one of the most flourishing New England colleges a President for twenty years in the person of her son.

Owen Brown, one of her sons, and father of Ossawatomie Brown, married a daughter of Gideon Mills, Esq., who was himself (Mills) an officer of the Revolutionary army, and was entrusted with the command of the guard who had in charge a large portion of the prisoners comprising Burgoyne's army, thus proving that Ossawatomie Brown inherited his military spirit. Soon after the marriage of Owen Brown, he removed with his family to Torringford, Connecticut, where the late Captain John Brown was born. While he was yet in infancy or early childhood, the parents returned to West Simsbury, and there remained for a few years, when they emigrated to Hudson, Ohio, where Owen Brown became one of the principal pioneer settlers of that then new town, ever respected for his probity and decision of character. He was endowed with energy and enterprise, and went down to his grave honored and respected, about the year 1853, aged 87.

At the age of 18 or 20, the future insurgent Brown, left Hudson, Ohio, and came east with the design of acquiring a liberal education through some of the New England colleges. His ultimate design was the gospel ministry. In pursuance of this object he consulted and conferred with Rev. Jeremiah Hallock, then clergyman at Canton, Conn., (whose wife was a relative,) and in accordance with advice there obtained, proceeded to Plainfield, Mass., where, under the instruction of the late Rev. Moses Hallock, father of the present senior editor of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, fitted or nearly fitted for college. While there pursuing his studies, he was attacked with inflammation of the eyes, which ultimately became chronic, and precluded him from the possibility of the further pursuit of his studies, when he returned to Ohio. Had not this inflammation supervened, Ossawatomie Brown would not have died a Virginia culprit, upon a Virginia gallows, but in all probability would have died on a feather bed, with D. D. affixed to his name.

Brown's theological studies seem to have thoroughly imbued his mind, and have exercised a powerful influence upon his character through life. Under all circumstances, even when he appeared to be playing the part of an unscrupulous ruffian, he constantly justified his actions by biblical references, after the manner of one of Cromwell's saintly soldiers.

BROWN AS A MAN OF BUSINESS.

On returning to Ohio, Brown entered upon an enterprising career as a business man. From that period until 1837, he was considered one of the most prominent and active citizens of the northern part of that State. He built warehouses, and engaged in business on the canal and Cuyahoga river, at Franklin Mills, six miles west of Ravenna, in Portage county. The crash of 1837 made him a bankrupt. The great warehouses were standing there empty in 1850, while his son stood with our informant on the bank of the river, and gave this sad fragment of the history of his father's fortune.

In 184[illegible] [illegible] large woolen house, [illegible] celebrity. Indeed, hundreds of wool-growers in Northern Ohio consigned their [illegible] he sold at discretion. A combination of eastern manufacturers, who wished to have no such stern and unflinching man between themselves and the wool-growers, formed in league against him, and forced him to send his wool to Europe for a market, which resulted in a second disaster, and Brown was again reduced to poverty.

BROWN BECOMES A FARMER.

Brown next made his appearance as a farmer and cattle-breeder, at North Elba, Essex county, N. Y. The humble farm of Brown is situated on an elevated and broad plateau, embosomed in the giant arms of the Adirondacs. No district of the State is more impressive by the grandeur of its physical features, or its exquisite natural beauties. The town is separated from the outer world by a barrier of dark and lofty mountains. Although embracing a territory equal to that of some counties, its population does not exceed four hundred souls. North Elba was the scene of Gerrit Smith's abortive attempt at negro colonization. The scheme may have been suggested by sincere philanthropy, but its issue was an utter failure, entailing upon the author disappointment, and sorrow and suffering on the recipients of his bounty. Scarcely a vestige now remains of this colony, although at one time so numerous that it seemed probable the anomalous political aspect would be exhibited of a town in New York controlled by negro suffrages, and represented in the County Board by a colored supervisor. Only two or three of the colonists remain. They have either abandoned their farms, or the lands have been sold for taxes. Brown made his appearance in North Elba, near the advent of this negro emigration. At the Agricultural Fair of Essex county for 1850, a great sensation was created by the unlooked-for appearance on the grounds of a beautiful herd of Devon cattle. They proved to be the property of Brown, who had shown himself to be very successful in these peaceful pursuits. In the meantime, he had married an estimable lady, and raised a numerous family—the sons being as remarkable as himself for indomitable energy, intelligence, and fanatical devotion to what they believe to be right.

BROWN'S CAREER IN KANSAS.

Upon the breaking out of the border troubles in Kansas, the condition of affairs in that territory seem to have aroused Brown's anti-slavery feelings to the fiercest excitement, and he determined to go thither and participate in the struggle. His sons preceded him, and he appeared in Kansas in 1855, and settled in Osage county. He was a decided anti-slavery man—a religious enthusiast, a rigid Presbyterian—correct and conscientious in all his relations and conduct, and modest and unassuming in his manners. At the same time he was a man of iron will, of untiring energy and of unbounded nerve. All who know him are impressed with the belief that he never knew fear, and that no man ever lived who excelled him in cool and daring intrepidity. In all his affrays in Kansas he embarked in the most dangerous and apparently desperate enterprises, and encountered the greatest odds with a cool self-possession and an unbounded confidence in his own success. He was made the object of the most active persecutions of the Missourians, and all the bitterness and stern determination of his nature were stirred up from their very depths in retaliation. One of his sons (Frederick) was met alone on the road by a large party of invading Missourians, and cruelly, brutally murdered. Another son (John) was, for no cause but his political opinions, loaded with chains and driven on foot before the horses of his captors from Ossawatomie to Tecumseh, under such circumstances of cruelty as to destroy his reason. His own house and the house of his son were both fired and destroyed. The women of the family were grossly insulted, and a committee appointed at a public meeting, notified Brown and other Free State men on Pottawatomie Creek, that if they did not leave the Territory in three days, they would be hung. His friends and neighbors were murdered around him; he was forced into a war of self-defence, and finally a price was publicly set on his head. The effect of these things, in connection with all the other outrage, oppression and murder perpetrated around him, upon a man of Brown's temperament, may be conceived. He became a fighting man, and developed qualities that excited the admiration and surprise of his friends, and made him the terror of his enemies.

The darkest stain upon this portion of his life is the "Massacre of Pottawatomie," as it is called. A party of five of Buford's ruffians fell in with Brown while the latter was out surveying. Taking him for one of Calhoun's subalterns on the Kansas survey, they told him that they were charged with the errand of taking Brown's life, and they had solemnly sworn to do it. They did not know their victim personally, but they were to find a guide somewhere near Ossawatomie, to conduct them to his house, where they would have made short work of all the inmates. Brown [illegible] from them with the remark that they would probably find the person they wanted at home. The sequel is known. The would-be [illegible] contemplation. [illegible] which they had [illegible] it is that of John Brown [illegible] [illegible] is correct, in placing it at his door [illegible] we do not question.

On another occasion, one Henry Clay Pate started, with a party of thirty-three men, boasting that he would capture Brown and take him to Missouri. Brown took sixteen men, encountered Pate at Black Jack, near the Santa Fe Road, and captured nearly the entire party of Missourians, after a brief contest. Subsequently his efforts sufficed to drive back two very large bands of Missourians who invaded the territory, and saved the town of Lawrence from destruction. But his principal title to distinction in this lamentable struggle is derived from his conduct at Ossawatomie, from which he is remembered as "Ossawatomie Brown."

John Reid, a prominent lawyer of Jackson County, and a member of the Missouri Legislature, marched upon that town with 300 men and two pieces of artillery. The inhabitants were taken by surprise, and Brown had barely time to get into the timber, which lines the Osage River, with thirty men, and a limited supply of ammunition, when the whole force of their assailants marched upon the prairie before them. With his usual courage and unhesitating confidence in himself, he gave no thought to the odds of ten to one, or to making his escape from the danger, nor did he wait for the enemy to commence the fight, but carefully disposing his men, he opened a rapid and constant fire, which was returned, of course; but the Missourians, not knowing his numbers, and fearing an ambuscade, would not venture into the woods, and their artillery did little harm to men lying on the ground and loading their rifles at the breech. The result was, that sixty or seventy of the Missourians were killed or wounded; two of Brown's men were killed, and the others he carried off in safety through the timber, up the river and across the ford.

Shortly after the Marais des Cygnes massacre, Brown conceived the idea of carrying the war into Africa, and teaching the fighters on the other side of the border that a continuance of the war would imperil the safety of all the slaves in Western Missouri. While reflecting on this plan, a negro came across the line in the night, imploring assistance for his family and fellows, who were about to be separated and sold to the cotton and rice planters at the South. The first persons he met were Brown and a half dozen of his neighbors, who were discussing the enterprise thus thrown in their way. Summoning a dozen or more assistants, they moved immediately to the border, and dividing into two parties, they made a night of it, with the deliberate purpose of taking all the slaves they could find who had an inclination to be free, and making prisoners of all who should interfere with their design. The result of the excursion was the liberation of thirteen negroes, the capture of several white men, and the killing of one person who was making a vigorous resistance. The homicide was not committed by the division of the party to which Brown belonged, but the responsibility of it attaches to him in a degree as the moving actor of the whole proceeding. Both parties then returned to the border with the proceeds of their foraging. The captured Missourians were then set at liberty, and told to go home and raise a rescuing force—Brown and company would give them ample time and await their return, when they would settle the questions at issue by open battle. A very loud noise was made in half a dozen counties in Missouri, but no volunteers were found for the proposed action. After waiting three weeks, Brown dismissed all but a handful of his company, and took his line of march through Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, and Michigan to Canada. While pursuing his journey through the northern part of Kansas, he was menaced with an attack from a party of Missourians, of about three times his own number. After retreating from them a day or two, he came to a halt, took four of them prisoners, and put the rest to flight. The prisoners were lectured soundly on the evil of their ways and then dismissed, minus their arms and horses. No other interruption was met with on the way to Canada.

In the meantime, Brown was intensely hostile to Lane, Robinson and the other Republican politicians in Kansas, and often thwarted their intrigues by his bold and determined interference. When the conflict was fairly decided in favor of the Free State party, Brown assisted Montgomery in running off slaves from Missouri, and became a most efficient agent of unmitigated robbery by the underground railroad.

While engaged in this business, and warring against the constitutional rights of property, he made frequent visits to the Eastern and Middle States, and had intimate intercourse with prominent anti-slavery men. While thus employed, Brown conceived the project [illegible] terminated in his death upon the gallows.

BROWN'S PERSONAL [illegible]

The personal appearance [illegible] the Kansas war has been [illegible] Brown would not strike [illegible] being a very tall man [illegible] looking on the ground [illegible] ly or [illegible] tically. His [illegible] prominent, eyes nearly [illegible] His hair was quite [illegible] it rather long. He wore a coarse [illegible] of clothing, and was usually very [illegible] in his appearance and dress. Because [illegible] to be rather taciturn in his habits, and as a sort of meteoric character, appearing [illegible] unexpectedly now at one place, and then at another, so that it could never be known where he was to be found. His appearances and disappearances were always sudden, and in a decided manner. He seemed to be ever on the alert. When he spoke, it was generally in short and precise sentences, energetically expressed and to the point. When walking, he would not look to the right or left (unless in danger,) but seemed to be deeply engaged upon something in his own mind. He appeared to possess an iron constitution, and to be insensible to fatigue, although about [illegible] years old.

THE INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY.

On the night of Sunday, Oct. 16, 1859, a party of white men and negroes took possession of the United States Arsenal, at Harper's Ferry, Va., and overawed the town and its vicinity by proclaiming their intention to free all the slaves. They held their ground until Tuesday morning, when they were overpowered by U. S. Marines and a volunteer military force. This was the movement, in brief, for planning and leading which John Brown was condemned to die. The precise particulars of the affair were as follows: More than a year before the invasion, old Brown went to Harper's Ferry. He was accompanied by his sons Watson and Oliver, and all three of them assumed the name of Smith. He inquired about land in the vicinity, and made investigations as to the probability of finding ores there, and for some time boarded at Sandy Point, a mile east of the Ferry. After an absence of some months the elder Brown reappeared in that vicinity, and rented or leased a farm on the Maryland side, about four miles from the Ferry. They bought a large number of picks and spades, and this confirmed the belief that they intended to mine for ores. They were frequently seen in and about Harper's Ferry, but no suspicion seems to have existed that "Bill Smith" was Capt. Brown, or that he intended embarking in any movement so desperate or extraordinary.

Brown's chief aid was John E. Cook, a comparatively young man, who has resided in and near the Ferry some years. He was first employed in tending locks on the canal, and afterwards taught school on the Maryland side of the river; and after a brief residence in Kansas, where, it is supposed, he became acquainted with Brown, returned to the Ferry and married there. These two men, with Brown's two sons, were the only white men connected with the insurrection that had been seen about the Ferry. All the rest were brought by Brown from a distance, and nearly all had been with him in Kansas. The whole party numbered seventeen white men and five negroes.

The first active movement was made at a quarter before ten on Sunday night. Wm. Williamson, the watchman at the bridge, was seized by a number of men, who said he was their prisoner, and must come with them. He recognized Brown and Cook among the party, and knowing them trusted the affair was a joke. But, commanding silence, they conducted Williamson to the Armory, which he found already in their possession. He was detained till after daylight, and then discharged. The watchman who was to relieve Williamson at midnight found the bridge lamps all out, and was immediately seized. Supposing it an attempt at robbery, he broke away, and his pursuers stumbling over him he escaped.

The next appearance of the insurrectionists was at the house of Col. Lewis Washington, a large farmer and slave-owner, living about four miles from the Ferry. A party, headed by Cook, preceded them, and rousing Col. Washington, told him he was their prisoner. They also seized all the slaves near the house, took a carriage horse and a large wagon with two horses.

From Col. Washington's he proceeded with him as a prisoner in the carriage, and twelve of his negroes in the wagon, to the house of Mr. Allstadt, another large farmer on the same road. Mr. Allstadt and his son, a lad of sixteen, were taken prisoners, and the negroes within reach forced to join the movement.

He then returned to the armory. All these movements seem to have been made without exciting the slightest alarm in town, nor did the detention of Capt. Phelps' train. It was not until the town thoroughly waked up and found the bridge guarded by armed men and a guard stationed at all the avenues, that the people found they were imprisoned. A panic appears to have immediately ensued, and the number of insurrectionists at once increased from fifty—which was probably their greatest number, including the slaves who were forced to join—to from five to six hundred. In the meantime a number of workmen, not knowing anything of what had occurred, entered the armory and were successively [illegible] until at one time they had not less than sixty men confined in the armory. Those thus entrapped [illegible] Mills, Master of the Armory, and J. E. P. Dangerfield, Paymaster's Clerk. [illegible] tlemen were imprisoned in the engine house, [illegible] the chief fortress of the insurgents [illegible] the final assault. The workmen were imprisoned in a large building, further down the yard, and were rescued by a brilliant dash, made by the railroad company's men, who came down from Martinsburg.

This was the condition of things at daylight, about which time Capt. Cook, with two white men, accompanied by thirty slaves, and taking with them Col. Washington's large wagon, went over the bridge and struck up the mountain road towards Pennsylvania. As day advanced, and the news gained ground, numbers gathered around the Ferry, and preparations were made to attack the insurrectionists.

A general warfare commenced, chiefly led on by a man named Chambers, whose house commanded the Armory yard. A colored man named Hayward, a railroad porter, was shot early in the morning, for refusing to join in the movement.

The next man shot was Joseph Barley, a citizen of the Ferry. He was shot standing in his own door. The insurrectionists, by this time finding a disposition to resist them, had withdrawn nearly all within the armory grounds, leaving only a guard on the bridge. About this time, also, Sam. P. Young, Esq., was shot dead. He was coming into town on horseback, carrying a gun, when he was shot from the Armory, receiving a wound of which he died during the day. He was a graduate of West Point, and greatly respected in the neighborhood for his high character and noble qualities.

At about noon the Charlestown troops, under command of Col. Robt. W. Baylor, crossed the Shenandoah river some distance up, and marched down the Maryland side to the mouth of the bridge; firing a volley, they made a gallant dash across the bridge, clearing it of the insurrectionists, who retreated rapidly down through the Armory. In this movement of the insurrectionists a man named Wm. Thompson was taken prisoner.

The Shepherdstown troops next arrived, marching down the Shenandoah side, and joining the Charlestown forces at the bridge. A desultory exchange of shots followed, one of [illegible] Mr. Fountain Beckham, Mayor of the town, and agent of the railroad company, entering his breast and passing entirely through his body. The ball was a large elongated slug, and made a dreadful wound. Mr. Beckham died almost immediately. He was without firearms, and was exposed for only a moment, whilst approaching a water station. His assailant, one of Brown's sons, was shot almost immediately, but managed to get back to the engine house, where his body was found next day.

The murder of Mr. Beckham greatly excited the populace, who immediately raised a cry to bring out the prisoner Thompson. He was brought out on the bridge and shot down from the bridge. He fell into the water, and some appearance of life still remaining, he was riddled with balls.

At this time the general charge was made down the street from the bridge, towards the Armory gate, by the Charlestown and Shepardstown troops and Ferry people. From behind the armory wall a fusilade was kept up, and returned by the insurrectionists from the Armory buildings.

When preparations had been completed by Col. Lee for assaulting the insurgents in the engine house where they had taken shelter, Lieut. Stewart, aid to Col. Lee, proceeded with a flag of truce to consult on the terms of surrender. Brown proposed that he and his men should be permitted to leave with their arms, &c., and carry their prisoners, Messrs. Washington, Dangerfield, Mills and others, as far as the second lock in the canal, where he would release the prisoners, after which, if the troops chose to attack him, he would be ready to fight. This was his ultimatum.

Lieut. Stewart responded that an unconditional surrender would be demanded, in which case he and his men would be protected until the President of the United States could be heard from. This being declined, the Marines were ordered up, and bravely did their duty. The cool bravery displayed by Major Russell, in entering the engine-room in advance of his men, was the subject of special praise. While the gallant Major thus risked his own life, he was aiming to prevent unnecessary bloodshed. A number of shots had been fired on both sides, when some one in the house cried for quarter. Instantly Major R. commanded the marines to cease firing; but seeing another volley about being shot, he snatched a Sharp's rifle from one of the insurgents, and turning to his own men declared he would shoot the first man who fired another gun. This ended the desperate struggle, which had continued for about two minutes, with rifles muzzle to muzzle.

Old Brown, during the investment of the Armory and the attacks upon it by the troops, was the busiest and most vigilant of all the insurrectionists, in watching through the loopholes and crevices for opportunities to kill those outside. While he was thus watching, rifle in hand, one of his own sons was shot through the body and fell within four or five feet of him. The young man [illegible] aloud in his agony, begging [illegible] Brown, turning for a few moments [illegible] unsympathizing glance upon his [illegible] rudely bade him be silent and die [illegible] short time afterwards his other son was shot down almost exactly like the first, and, with loud moans, called upon a comrade for a revolver, that he might kill himself. And old Brown, turning upon him as he had turned upon the brother, rebuked him for his noise, without a word or look of sympathy or regret, and straightway betook himself again to the business of murder. And all the while, standing with his two dying children behind him, and holding his rifle pointed in front, he was drumming at intervals upon the barrel of his weapon of death with the fingers of his left hand, as calmly and with as much apparent unconcern as if he had been engaged in some amusement.

Both of Brown's sons were killed, and the old man was severely wounded. Most of the insurgents who were engaged in the conflict were dead. The few who survived were conveyed to a place of security, and their injuries received attention. Old Brown freely confessed his purpose of setting the slaves at liberty. Upon searching his house, a large number of pikes and other weapons were discovered, together with the constitution and by-laws of a "Provisional Government." Captain Cook was subsequently captured in Pennsylvania and sent to Virginia for trial. These occurrences caused an intense excitement throughout the country.

TRIAL OF OLD BROWN.

After a preliminary examination, the trial of John Brown commenced in the Circuit Court at Charlestown, Virginia, Judge Parker presiding, on Wednesday, October 26th. The excitement was intense, and crowds were present from various parts of the country. Military precautions were taken to prevent any disturbance or attempt at rescue. Cannon were stationed in front of the Court-house, and an armed guard patrolled the jail. Messrs. Lawson Botts and Green were appointed counsel for the defence. Brown, who was suffering from severe wounds, was placed [illegible] to grant a delay of the trial; but Mr. Andrew Hunter, who, with District Attorney Charles B. Harding, appeared for the prosecution, strenuously opposed the petition. The jury was empannelled, and on the next day, Thursday, the case was opened by the District Attorney. The indictment charged Brown with "insurrection, treason and murder. A discussion ensued as to the propriety of the accusation of treason in the indictment, and then the examination of witnesses was proceeded with. It should be mentioned, by the way, that Brown indignantly refused to have the plea of insanity entered in his behalf.

It would be useless to repeat the testimony submitted by the prosecution, as it must be familiar to our readers and the public generally. It will suffice to say that it entirely substantiated the facts recited in our account given above of the invasion and insurrection. The excitement continued to increase as the trial progressed. On the third day, several witnesses were examined for the defence, and then old Brown arose, and made an excited speech, saying that he saw no prospect of having a fair trial, and that he had no reliance upon the counsel assigned him. Messrs. Botts and Green then withdrew from the representation of the defence, and subsequently Messrs. Griswold, of Ohio, Chilton, of Washington, and Hoyt, of Boston, were substituted.

On Monday, 31st October, the trial was resumed. Mr. Griswold made the opening speech for the defence, taking up the several charges in the indictment, and replying to the points made in the opening argument for the prosecution. He alluded to the peculiar circumstances surrounding the present case, and hoped the jury would give it calm and dispassionate attention, divesting their minds as far as possible from all prejudice, and disregarding all outside influences. The prisoner was entitled to an impartial trial under the laws of Virginia, and let him be acquitted or convicted according to those laws and the evidence given in the case. With regard to the charge of treason being against the prisoner, Mr. Griswold argued that Brown could not be guilty of treason, as he was not a citizen of the Commonwealth, and none but a citizen can commit treason; never having sworn allegiance to Virginia, he could not be a rebel against her authority. He was also charged with levying war against the State, but the evidence did not support the charge.

Mr. Hunter closed the argument for the prosecution. He said he preferred to argue this case precisely like any other. He had hoped the counsel for the defence would have omitted to interpolate any outside matter, and to a great extent he had been gratified.

Mr. Chilton asked the Court to instruct the jury, if they believe the prisoner was not a citizen of Virginia, but of another State, they cannot convict on a count of treason.

The Court declined, saying the Constitution did not give rights and immunities alone, but also imposed responsibilities.

Mr. Chilton asked another instruction [illegible] place where the offence was committed was within the boundaries of Jefferson county, which the Court granted.

THE VERDICT.

[illegible] was taken for half an hour, when the jury came in with a verdict. There was intense excitement.

Brown sat up [illegible] dered.

The jury find him guilty of treason, advising and conspiring with slaves and others to rebel, and for murder in the first degree.

The prisoner was then conveyed to prison, and the opportunity was allowed to make an appeal for a new trial. The panic and excitement still continued in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry and Charlestown.

BROWN'S FINAL SPEECH IN COURT.

On the day that Coppick, another conspirator, was convicted, the Court having decided against an appeal in Brown's favor, was about to pass sentence, when the old man arose, by permission, and delivered, in a firm tone, the following impressive address:—

I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say. In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted, viz.: a design on my part to free slaves. I intended, certainly, to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moving through the country, and finally leaving them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection. I have another objection, and that is, it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved—for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife or children, or any of that class, and suffered or sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward, rather than punishment. This Court acknowledges, too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me further, to remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am not too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that, to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of his despised poor, not wrong but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I say let it be done. Let me say one word further. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention, and what was not. I never had any design against the liberty of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason or excite slaves to rebel, or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind. Let me say also in regard to the statements made by some of those who were connected with me. I fear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me, but the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as

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regretting their weakness. Not one but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with till the day they came to me, and that was for the purpose I have stated. Now I have done.

THE SENTENCE.

While Mr. Brown was speaking, perfect quiet prevailed, and when he had finished the Judge proceeded to pronounce sentence. After a few prefatory remarks, he said that no reasonable doubt could exist of the guilt of the prisoner, and sentenced him to be hung in public on Friday, 2d December next.

Mr. Brown received his sentence with composure, and was soon taken back to prison.

OLD BROWN IN PRISON.

When Brown was finally committed to prison, he was given to understand that there was no hope of rescue or reprieve, and told to prepare for his awful doom Still, his friends in other States were very active, and the authorities of Virginia determined to concentrate a large military force at Charlestown From this time until the day of execution, troops were continually in motion, and at length about two thousand men were assembled and placed under the command of General Taliaferro. Brown firmly refused to see any minister of the Gospel, but engaged in religious exercises He evinced no signs of regret for what he had done A number of individuals were permitted to visit him, but they were kept under strict surveillance. All suspected persons were ordered to leave the neighborhood, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company were commanded to look to the character of the passengers on their road. Editors and reporters were especial objects of suspicion. The distressed wife of Brown desired to visit her husband, but he requested her not to come on, as her sorrows might disturb his fortitude. The condemned busied himself with devotional exercises, correspondence and reading religious works He wrote an affecting letter to his venerable schoolmaster in Connecticut, expressing confidence in the righteousness of the cause in which he was about to die Two days before the time fixed for the execution, he sent for Mr J F Blessing, a merchant, a generous and noble hearted man, who had been extremely kind to him, in dressing his wounds and paying other attentions, and requested him to accept as a token of regard his pocket Bible Mr B. thanked him for this mark of regard, but suggested the propriety of his keeping it a few days longer. The edition is the common Bible class edition, bound in calf, and of the cheapest description. It bore upon the fly-leaf this dedication:

"To John F. Blessing, of Charlestown, Va —With the best wishes of the undersigned, and his sincere thanks for many acts of kindness received. There is no commentary in the world so good in order to a right understanding of this blessed book as an honest, child like and teachable spirit. JOHN BROWN

"Charlestown, 29th Nov, 1859"

Upon the opposite page is the following inscription:

"John Brown. The leaves turned down and marked by him while in prison at Charlestown, Va But a small part of those passages, which in the most positive language condemn oppression and violence are marked"

Many hundred passages, which can by any possibility of interpretation be tortured into a support of his peculiar theory, are carefully marked, both by having the corner of the page turned over, and by being surrounded by heavy pencil marks.

PROCLAMATIONS OF THE GOVERNOR AND THE COMMANDER OF THE TROOPS.

Governor Wise issued a proclamation to the following effect

"Now, therefore, all persons are notified that the trains of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad Company are placed under orders of Acting Quartermaster and Commissary General Davis, for impressment, on the 1st, 2d and 3d of December next He will, under orders of Major General Taliaferro, guard those trains for the use and occupation of Virginia troops alone, and permit no other transportation but for them

"And the citizens of this Commonwealth are warned to remain at home and on guard or patrol duty on the 2d of December, and to abstain from going to Charlestown Orders are issued to prevent women and children, and strangers are hereby cautioned that there will be danger to them in approaching that place, or near it, on that day If deemed necessary, martial law will be proclaimed and enforced"

Gen. Taliaferro also issued a proclamation, announcing that all strangers who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves, will be promptly arrested, that all strangers approaching Charlestown, by railroad or otherwise, under the pretext of witnessing the execution of John Brown, will be met by the military and turned back or arrested. He also [illegible] the people of the county to stay at home and protect their property, assuring them that information from reliable sources indicated that by so doing they would [illegible]

LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN BROWN AND HIS WIFE

Brown having sent word to his distressed wife that he was willing to have a final interview with her if she had sufficient fortitude to bear it, that lady went to Harper's Ferry, which she reached on the first of December. Gov Wise made arrangements to receive her with military honors, and at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the first, she started for Charleston with a large and imposing escort. Her companions were not permitted to accompany her.

The interview between Brown and his wife lasted from 4 o'clock in the afternoon until near 8 o'clock in the evening, when Gen Taliaferro informed them that the period allowed them had elapsed, and that Mrs Brown must prepare for her departure to Harper's Ferry. The carriage was then brought to the door, the military took possession of the square, and with an escort of twenty mounted men, the cortege moved off, Capt. Moore, of the Montgomery Guards, accompanying her The interview, we learn, was not a very affecting one, being rather of a practical character, with regard to the future of herself and children, and the arrangement and settlement of business affairs They seemed considerably affected when first they met, and Mrs. Brown was for a few moments quite overcome, but he was as firm as a rock, and she soon recovered her composure. There was an impression that the prisoner might possibly be furnished with a weapon, or with strychnine by the wife, and before the interview her person was searched by the wife of the jailor, and a strict watch kept over them during the time they were together.

At the time of the separation they seemed to be fully self-possessed, and the parting, especially on his part, exhibited a composure, either feigned or real, that was truly surprising Mrs. Brown, however, rather repelled all attempt on his part to express sympathy with her under her afflictions She resented the idea that Capt Brown had done anything to deserve death or to attaint his name with dishonor by the ignominious punishment that was about to be inflicted upon him. She regarded [illegible] in a righteous cause, and was proud [illegible] terror to her or to him She stated that she had not seen him since last June, about six months ago, and that they had been separated, except for a few days, for nearly two years. They had, however, corresponded, and she always felt a deep interest in the cause in which he was engaged

The interview took place in the parlor of Capt Avis, and the prisoner was free from manacles of any kind They sat side by side on the sofa, and after discussing family matters, proceeded to business He stated that he desired his property to pass entirely into her possession, and appeared to place full confidence in her ability to manage it properly for the benefit of his younger children He requested her to remain at North Elba, in New York, on a farm where she now resides, which belongs to her He was desirous that his younger children should be educated, and if she could not obtain facilities for education at home, to have them sent to a boarding-school

He then gave directions and dictated to Sheriff Campbell his will, which directed that all his property should go to his wife, with the exception of a few presents and bequests which he made To one of his sons he gave a double spyglass; to one a watch; to another one a watch, to another he gave directions that he should take a tomb or monument that marks the grave of his father, at North Elba, and have engraved on it his name, age, and the manner of his death, together with the cause for which he had suffered death, which he directs shall remain at North Elba as long as his family resided there. To each of his children he bequeathed the sum of fifty dollars, and to each of his daughters a Bible, to cost five dollars each, to be purchased out of money coming to him from his father's estate Also a Bible, to cost three dollars, to each of his grand children, and that fifty dollars each be paid to three individuals whom he named, if they can be found, if not, to their legal representatives

During the course of the conversation, Mrs Brown asked him if he had heard that Gerritt Smith had become insane and had been sent to the asylum at Utica. He replied that he had read of it in the papers, and was sorry to hear it, but immediately changed the subject

The death of his two sons was spoken of, and Mrs Brown remarked that she had made some effort, while at Harper's Ferry, for the recovery of their remains, to which object she said Col Barbour had kindly consented to give his assistance. Capt. Brown remarked that he would also like the remains of the two Thompsons removed, if they could be found, but suggested that it would be best to take his body, with the bodies of his four sons, and get a pile of pine logs and burn them all together; that it would be much better and less expensive to thus gather up all their ashes together and take them to their final resting place

Sheriff Campbell told him that this would not be permitted within the State, and Mrs Brown objected to the proposition altogether The prisoner said that he contemplated his death with composure and calmness It would undoubtedly be pleasant to live longer, but as it was the will of God he should close his career, he was content It was doubtless best that he should be thus legally murdered for the good of the cause, and he was prepared to submit to His will without a murmur Mrs Brown becoming depressed at these remarks, he bid her cheer up, and told her his body would soon be with her, and that they would be united again in heaven

With regard to his execution, he said he desired no religious ceremonies, either in the jail or on the scaffold, from ministers who consent or approve of the enslavement of their fellow creatures, that he would prefer to be accompanied on the scaffold by a dozen slave children and a good old slave mother, with their blessings on his soul, than all the eloquence of the whole clergy of the commonwealth combined

During the past week, several letters containing checks and drafts had been forwarded to him by his friends in different sections of the country. All of these he endorsed and ordered payable to his wife, Mary A. Brown, (one of them was for $100, and another for $50,) and then handed them to her.

The character of the interview between them may be judged to some extent from the conversation with Capt Moore previous to the interview. I learn from Capt Avis, the jailer, that the interview between the prisoner and his wife was characteristic of the man, and the directions given for the management and distribution of property embraced all the minor details of a last will and testament. Gen Taliaferro was also present, and Capt. Brown urged that his wife be allowed to remain with him all night To this the General refused assent, and allowed them but four hours

On first meeting, they kissed and affectionately embraced each other, and Mrs Brown shed a few tears, but immediately checked her feelings They stood embraced, the wife sobbing and the husband apparently unable to speak for nearly five minutes The prisoner only gave way for a moment, and was soon calm and collected, and remained firm throughout the remainder of the interview At the close they shook hands, but did not embrace, and as they parted, he said, "God bless you and the children" Mrs Brown replied, "God have mercy upon you," and continued calm until she was about leaving the room, when she remained in tears for a few moments, and then prepared to depart.

BROWN'S INTERVIEW WITH HIS COMPANIONS.

Sheriff Campbell bid the prisoner farewell in his cell The prisoner returned thanks for the Sheriff's kindness, and spoke of Capt Pate as a brave man.

The prisoner was then taken to the cell of Copeland and Green He told them to stand up like men, and not betray their friends He then handed them a quarter each, saying he had no more use for his money, and bid them adieu

He then visited Cook and Coppee, who were chained together

He remarked to Cook "You have made false statements"

Cook asked him "What do you mean?"

Brown answered. "Why, by stating that I sent you to Harper's Ferry"

Cook—"Did you not tell me in Pittsburg to come to Harper's Ferry and see if Forbes had made disclosures"

Brown—"No, sir. You know I protested against your course"

Cook replied. "Captain Brown, we remember differently," at the same time dropping his head

Brown then turned to Coppee, and said: "Coppee, you also made false statements, but I am glad to hear that you have contradicted them. Stand up like a man" He then handed him a quarter He shook him by the hand and parted

Brown was then taken to Stevens' cell [illegible] Stevens said "Good bye, Captain I [illegible] going to a better land" Brown replied "I know I am" [illegible] bear up, and not betray [illegible] Hazlett [illegible] persisted in denying any knowledge of him

THE PROGRESS TO THE GALLOWS.

[illegible] o'clock the prisoner told the Sheriff he was ready. His arms were then pinioned, and with a black slouch hat and the same clothes he wore during the trial, proceeded to the door, apparently calm and cheerful. As he came outside, the companies of infantry and one troop with Gen. Taliaferro and the entire staff were deploying in front of the jail, whilst an open wagon, with a pine box, in which was a fine oak coffin, was waiting for him He looked around and spoke to several persons he recognized, and walking down the steps was assisted to the wagon, and took his seat on the coffin, along with the jailer, Mr Avis. He looked with interest on the fine military display, but made no remark The wagon moved off, flanked with two files of riflemen, in close order On reaching the field the military had already full possession. Pickets were stationed, and the citizens kept back at the point of the bayonet, from taking any position except that assigned them, nearly a quarter of a mile from the scaffold Through the determined persistence of Dr. Rawlings, of Frank Leslie's, the order for excluding the press was partially rescinded, and they were assigned a position near the General's staff.

On his way to the scaffold, Mr. Sadler, the undertaker, who was in the wagon with him, remarked, "Captain Brown, you are a game man" He answered, "Yes, I was so trained up, it was one of the lessons of my mother, but it was hard to part from friends newly made" Then remarking, "This is a beautiful country; I never had the pleasure of seeing it before"

On reaching the gallows, he observed Mr Hunter and Mayor Green standing near, to whom he said, "Gentlemen, good bye," his voice not faltering in the least

The military arrangements were very complete. Mounted scouts were stationed in the woods to the left of the scaffold, and picket guards were stationed out towards the Shenandoah mountains in the rear The military on the field formed two hollow squares Within the inner one was the scaffold, and between the inner and outer lines citizens were admitted—no one being allowed outside of the lines except the mounted guards

Brown was accompanied by no minister, and would have no religious exercises performed

THE FINAL SCENE

[illegible] prisoner walked up the steps firmly, and was the first man on the gallows. [illegible] stood by his side, and after shaking hands and bidding an affectionate adieu, thanked them for their kindness, put the cap over his face and the rope around his neck. Mr Avis asked him to step forward on the trap He replied, "You must lead me; I cannot see." The rope was then adjusted and the military order given The soldiers marched and countermarched and took a position as if the enemy was in sight, and nearly ten minutes was thus occupied. The prisoner remained standing, and Mr. Avis asked if he was not tired. Brown replied, "No, not tired, but don't keep me waiting longer than is necessary."

He was swung off at fifteen minutes after eleven o'clock There was a slight grasping of the hands and twitching of the muscles, and then all was quiet The body was several times examined, and the pulse did not cease beating until thirty-five minutes It was then cut down and placed in the coffin, and conveyed under the military escort to the depot, put in a car to be carried to the Ferry by special train at four o'clock. The whole arrangements were carried out with precision and military strictness.

Mrs Brown accompanied the body of her husband through the various cities towards the locality in New York designed for its final resting place. She made an agreeable impression upon everybody.

BROWN'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE

The following letter from John Brown to his wife shows the spirit by which he was animated during the whole term of his imprisonment, as to the nature of a "dying speech."

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO, VA.,
8th November, 1859.

Dear Wife and Children, every one —I will begin by saying that I have in some degree recovered from my wounds, but that I am quite weak in the back and sore about my left kidney. My appetite has been quite good for most of the time since I was hurt I am supplied with almost everything I could desire to make me comfortable, and the little that I do lack (some few articles of clothing, which I lost) I may perhaps get along again I am, besides, quite cheerful, having as I trust, the peace of God, which "passeth all understanding" to "rule in my heart," and the testimony (in some degree, of a good conscience, that I have not lived altogether in vain I can trust God with both the time and the manner of my death, believing as I now do that for me at this time to seal my testimony (for God and Humanity) with my blood, will do vastly more towards advancing the cause I have earnestly endeavored to promote, than all I have done in my life before. I beg of you all meekly and quietly to submit to this, not feeling yourselves in the least degraded on that account. Remember, dear wife and children all, that Jesus of Nazareth suffered a most excruciating death on the cross as a felon—under the most aggravating circumstances Think, also, of the prophets and Apostles and Christians of former days, who went through greater tribulations than you or I, and (try to) be reconciled May God Almighty comfort all your hearts, and soon wipe away all tears from your eyes To Him be endless praise Think, too, of the crushed millions who "have no comforter" *I charge you all never* (in your trials) to forget the griefs "of the poor that cry, and of those that have none to help them" I wrote most earnestly to my dear and afflicted wife not to come on for the *present at any rate*. I will now give her my reasons for doing so First, it would use up all the scanty means she has or is at all likely to have to make herself and children comfortable hereafter. For let me tell you that the sympathy that is now aroused in your behalf may not always follow you There is but little more of the romantic about helping poor widows and their children, than there is about trying to relieve poor "*niggers*." Again, the little comfort it might afford us to meet again would be dearly bought by the pains of a final separation. We *must part*, and I feel assured, for us to meet under such dreadful circumstances would only add to our distress If she comes on here she must be only a gazing stock throughout the whole journey, to be remarked upon in every *look*, *word* and *action*, and by all sorts of *creatures*, and by all sorts of papers throughout the whole country Again, it is my most decided judgment that in quietly and submissively staying at home vastly more of generous sympathy will *reach* her; without such dreadful sacrifice of feeling as she must put up with if she comes on. The visits of one or two female friends that have come on here have produced great excitement, which is very annoying, and they cannot possibly do me any good *Oh, Mary, do not come*, but patiently wait for the meeting (of those who love God and their fellow-men) where no separation must follow "They shall go no more out forever." I greatly long to hear from some one of you, and to learn anything that in any way affects your welfare I sent you $10 the other day—did you get it? I have also endeavored to stir up Christian friends to visit and write to you in your deep affliction. I have no doubt that some of them at least will heed the call. Write to me, care of Captain John Avis, Charlestown, Jefferson county, Va

"Finally, my beloved, be of good comfort." May all your names be written on the Lamb's book of life"—may you all have the purifying and sustaining influence of the Christian religion—is the earnest prayer of your affectionate husband and father.

JOHN BROWN

P. S —I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day, nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky But, beloved ones, *do remember* that this is not your rest; that in this world you have no abiding place or continuing city To God and His infinite mercy I always commend you.

Nov. 9th. J. B.

In a number of Northern cities "sympathy meetings" were held on the day of the execution, and the colored race seemed to be deeply affected by the execution of this murderer

JOHN BROWN'S BODY IN PHILADELPHIA.

The body of John Brown arrived at the Baltimore depot, Broad and Prime streets, Philadelphia, twenty minutes of one o'clock, on Saturday. The widow of the deceased, quite a stout, elderly lady, wearing a plaid blanket shawl, and having nothing very remarkable in her appearance, accompanied the body. She leaned upon the arm of Mr Hector Tyndal, who escorted her to the cars of the Tenth and Eleventh streets railway. Two other ladies, and several gentlemen who are well known in anti-slavery circles, followed Mr. Brown and her protector

The remains of the deceased were enclosed [illegible] placed in a rough box, and covered with canvas and a fur robe. They were put into a one-horse wagon, several [illegible] with this freight as fast as he could [illegible] out street. There was a pretty large concourse of persons present, most of them people of color. It was amusing as well as disgusting to see the crowd, particularly the colored [illegible] running as fast as their legs would carry them after the wagon. They had a long race, having run the whole distance, from Broad and Prime streets to the Walnut street ferry.

Now, what spoils the whole of the above, is the fact that the box did not contain the body of Brown, although one of the officers positively became sick from the smell which seemed to come from the box, Besides this, the reporters of the evening papers were essentially sold, as they ran along with the crowd, to pick up incidents by the wayside.

The body of the deceased was placed under the charge of Lieut Henderson, of the Reserve Corps, who accompanied it to the wharf at Walnut street, where it was placed in a crate before the fast funeral above alluded to arrived The police arrangements were admirable indeed, and we want no better evidence of the success of the decoy than the fact that the indefatigables of the evening press were done up particularly brown on this especial occasion We feel authorized to state that in all this, the worthy Chief of the Police acted with due regard to prudence and commendable forethought, and that nothing in the whole affair could be so construed as to defeat the ends of justice.

## CONFESSION OF JOHN E. COOK.

Captain John E. Cook, a young man who was one of the principal assistants of Brown at Harper's Ferry, and who was also convicted and condemned to die upon the gallows, made a full confession, containing important revelations, showing the origin and extent of the conspiracy. From this document we extract all the important portions, leaving out irrelevant matters Cook says —

I became acquainted with Capt John Brown in his camp on Middle Creek, Kansas Territory, just after the battle of Black Jack, and was in said camp until it was broken up and his company disbanded by Col Sumner, of the 1st Cavalry, U S A I next saw him at the Convention of Topeka, which was on the 4th of July, 1856. I next met him some days afterwards in Lawrence Did not see him again until the fall of 1857, when I met him at the house of E. B Whitman, about four miles from Lawrence, K. T, which, I think, was about the 1st of November following I was told that he intended to organize a company for the purpose of putting a stop to the aggressions of the pro-slavery men. I agreed to join him, and was asked if I knew of any [illegible] men, who were perfectly reliable, whom I thought would join also. I recommended Richard Realf, L. F Parsons, and R J. Hinton. I received a note the next Sunday morning, while at breakfast in the Whitney House, from Capt. Brown, requesting me to come up that day, and to bring Realf, Parsons and Hinton along with me Realf and Hinton were not in town, and therefore could not extend to them the invitation. Parsons and myself went and had a long talk with Capt. Brown A few days afterwards I received another note from Capt. Brown, which read, as near as I can recollect, as follows —

CAPT COOKE: DATE ——— ———.
Dear Sir—You will please get everything ready to join me at Topeka on Monday night next Come to Mrs Sheridan's, two miles south of Topeka, and bring your arms, ammunition, clothing, and other articles you may require Bring Parsons with you if you can get ready in time Please keep quiet about the matter.
Yours, &c. JOHN BROWN

I made all my arrangements for starting at the time appointed. Parsons, Realf and Hinton could not get ready I left them at Lawrence, and started in a carriage for Topeka. Stopped at the hotel over night, and left early next morning for Mrs Sheridan's, to meet Capt Brown. Stayed a day and a half at Mrs. S.'s—then left for Topeka, at which place we were joined by Stevens, Moffett and Kagi Left Topeka for Nebraska City, and camped at night on the prairie northeast of Topeka. Here, for the first time, I learned that we were to leave Kansas to attend a military school during the winter It was the intention of the party to go to Ashtabula county, Ohio. Next morning I was sent back to Lawrence to get a draft for $80 cashed, and to get Parsons, Realf and Hinton to go back with me I got the draft cashed. Capt B had given me orders to take boat to St. Joseph, Mo, and stage from there to Tabor, Iowa, where he would remain for a few days I had to wait for Realf three or four days; Hinton could not leave at that time I started with Realf and Parsons in a stage from Leavenworth. The boats had stopped running on account of the ice Stayed one day in Leavenworth, and then left for Weston, where we took the stage to St Joseph, and then to Tabor I found C P. Tidd and Leeman at Tabor Our party now consisted of Capt John Brown, Owen Brown, A D. Stephens, Charles Moffet, C. P. Tidd, Rich. Robinson, Col Rich. Realf, L F Parsons, Wm Leeman and myself We stopped some days at Tabor, making preparations to start *Here we found that Captain Brown's ultimate destination was the State of Virginia.* Some warm words passed between him and myself in regard to the plan, which I had supposed was to be entirely confined to Kansas and Missouri. Realf and Parsons were of the same opinion with me After a good deal of wrangling, we consented to go on, as we had not the means to return, and the rest of the party were so anxious that we should go with them. At Tabor we procured teams for the transportation of about 200 Sharp's rifles, which had been taken on as far as Tabor one year before, at which place they had been left, awaiting the order of Capt Brown. There were, also, other stores, consisting of blankets, clothing, boots, ammunition, and about 200 revolvers of the Massachusetts Arms patent, all of which we transported across the State of Iowa to Springdale, and from there to Liberty, at which place they were shipped for Ashtabula county, Ohio, where they remained till brought to Chambersburg, Pa, and from there transported to a house in Washington county, Md, which Capt. Brown had rented for six months, and which was situated about five miles from Harper's Ferry. * * *

We stopped in Pedee, Iowa, over winter, at Mr Maxson's, where we pursued our military studies Col. H Forbes and Capt. Brown had some words, and he (Col. F) did not come on; consequently, A B Stephens was our drill-master The people of the neighborhood did not know of our purpose We remained at Pedee till about the middle of April, when we left for Chatham, Canada, via Chicago and Detroit. We stayed about two weeks in Chatham—some of the party stayed six or seven weeks. We left Chatham for Cleveland, and remained there until late in June. In the meantime Capt Brown went East on business, but previous to his departure, he had learned that Col. Forbes had betrayed his plans to some extent. This, together with the scantiness of his funds, induced him to delay the commencement of this work, and as the means, for the time being, of disbanding the party He had also received some [illegible] which called for his immediate attention in Kansas [illegible] wished to go with him, but he said I was too well known there, and requested me and some others to go to Harper's Ferry, Va, to see how things were there and to gain information. While we were in Chatham he called a convention, the purpose of which was to make a complete and thorough organization He issued a written circular, which he sent to various persons in the United States and in Canada The circular, as far as I can recollect, read as follows.—

CHATHAM, May —, 1858.

Mr ———

Dear Sir—We have issued a call for a very *quiet* convention at this place, to which we shall be happy to see any *true* friends of freedom, and to which you are most earnestly invited to give your attendance
Yours, respectfully, JOHN BROWN.

As the names were left blank, I do not know to whom they were sent, though I wrote several of them I learned, however, that one was sent to Frederick Douglass, and I think Gerrit Smith also received one Who the others were sent to I do not know. Neither Douglass nor Smith attended the convention I suppose some twenty-five or thirty of these circulars were sent, but as they were directed by Capt Brown or J. B Kagi, I do not know the names of the parties to whom they were addressed I do know, however, that they were sent to none save those whom Capt. Brown knew to be radical abolitionists. I think it was about ten days from the time the circulars were sent that the convention met. The place of meeting was in one of the negro churches Chatham The convention, I think, was called to order by J. H. Kagi. Its object was then stated, which was to complete a thorough organization and the formation of a constitution The first business was to elect a President and Secretary Elder Monroe, a colored Minister, was elected President, and J H Kagi Secretary On motion, it was ordered that each article of the constitution be taken up and separately amended and passed, which was done [illegible] ion was then adopted [illegible] was to nominate a [illegible] ry of War and Secretary [illegible] was unanimously elected Kagi, Secretary of War, [illegible] State. Elder Monroe [illegible] other was chosen [illegible] Corresponding Secretary [illegible] convention were from [illegible] n was adopted, the mem[illegible] it. It was then signed by all present Du[illegible] interval between the call for the convention a[illegible] assembling, regular meetings were held at Barbour[illegible], where we were stopping, by those who were known to be true to the cause, at which meetings plans were laid and discussed. There were no white men at the convention save the members of our company. Men and money had both been promised from Chatham and other parts of Canada When the convention broke up, news was received that Col H. Forbes, who had joined the movement, had given information to the government This, of course, delayed the time of attack. A day or two afterwards most of our party took the [illegible] to Cleveland. John H Kagi, Richard Realf, Wm Leeman, Richard Robertson and Capt. Brown remaining Capt. B, however, started in a day or [illegible] for the East. Kagi, I think, went to some other town in Canada, to set up the type and to get the constitution printed, which he completed before he returned to Cleveland We remained in Cleveland some weeks, at which place, for the time being, the company disbanded Capt. Brown had had the plan of the insurrection in contemplation for several years—in fact told me that it had been the chief aim of his life to carry out and accomplish the abolition of slavery.

In his trip East he did not realize the amount of money that he expected It was therefore necessary that a movement should be made in another direction, to demonstrate the practicability of his plan. This he made about a year ago by his invasion of Missouri, and the taking of about a dozen slaves, together with horses, cattle, &c. into Kansas, in defiance of the U. S. Marshal and his posse. From Kansas he took them to Canada, via Iowa City and Cleveland At the latter place he remained some days, and I think disposed of his horses there. It seems that the U. S. Marshal was afraid to arrest him, and this was all that was wanting to give confidence to the wavering in the practicability of his plan and its ultimate success He came to Harper's Ferry about the last of June, though I did not see him till late in July, or the early part of August, when we met on Shenandoah Street, Harper's Ferry, opposite to Tearney's store. I do not know who were his aiders or abettors, but have heard him mention in connection with it the names of Gerrit Smith, of New York, Howe, of Boston, and Sanborn and Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York city What connection and how far connected with his plan, I do not know, but I know he wrote a letter, a few weeks previous to attack, to some gentlemen in Boston, which read, as near as I can recollect, as follows

Date ——— ———.

Gentlemen —I have got nearly all my *machines* on, and shall be ready to start them in a few days, unless prevented by a special Providence. Everything is working well. I shall want all the *funds* you promised me in a few days Yours truly,
CALM & STILL."

In the meantime the men who had engaged to go with him had most of them arrived at Chambersburg, Pa, had been sent to the place which he had rented in Washington co, Md, about five miles from Harper's Ferry. *The greater part of them kept out of sight during the day, for fear of attracting attention.*

The arms, munitions, &c, were carried from Chambersburg to his rendezvous. The spear heads and guards came in strong boxes and the shafts passed for fork handles They were put together by our own men, at the house where most of them were kept. Letters of importance came to Chambersburg post office, and were sent by some of our own party to headquarters. The letters of minor importance came to the Ferry to J. Smith & Sons. All allusions to our business were made in such a blind way that they would not have been understood by any outside parties, even should they have been misrouted. The attack was made sooner than it was intended, owing to some friends in Boston writing a letter, finding fault with the management of Capt Brown, and what to them seemed his unnecessary delay and expense I do not know who those persons were, or how far they were cognizant of his (Capt B's) plans. I do know that Dr. Howe gave Capt Brown a breech-loading carbine and a pair of muzzle-loading pistols, all of government manufacture They were left either at the house of Captain Brown, or at the school-house, where most of the arms were conveyed At what time, and for what purpose they were given to Capt Brown, I do not know It was supposed that Col. Hugh Forbes was dead. I was told by Capt Brown that when on East he had been told by Thaddeus Hyatt of New York, that some of the negroes at that place had informed him (Hyatt) that Forbes had "gone up"—a phrase which Capt B and the rest of our company understood to mean, that he had been killed. * * * *

A short time before the attack on Harper's Ferry, Brown requested me to find out in some way, without creating suspicion, the number of male slaves on or near the roads leading from the Ferry, for a distance of 8 or 10 miles, and to make such memoranda that it would be unintelligible to others, but in such a manner that I could make it plain to him and the rest of the company. He gave two dollars to pay my expenses with. I took the road from Harper's Ferry to Charlestown under the plea of gaining statistics for a work to be published by John Henri, and to decide a wager between him and Mr Smith I did not go on any other road A few days after this Brown sent his wagon over by his son Oliver, and Jeremiah Anderson, to bring my wife and myself to his house. They gave me a note from him which, as near as I can recollect, read as follows

Mr Cook

Dear Sir—You will please get everything ready to come with your wife to my house this morning My wagon will wait for you I shall take your wife to Chambersburg, and shall start early to-morrow morning Be as expeditious as possible. Be very careful not to say or do anything which will awaken any suspicion.

You can say your wife is going to make a visit to some friends of her's in the country. Be very careful that you do not let any of our plans leak out.
Yours, &c. J. SMITH.

My wife and myself accordingly left Harper's Ferry that night, accompanied by Oliver Brown and Jeremiah Anderson, for Capt. Brown's house in Washington co, Maryland

The next day after dinner Capt B. and his son, Watson, together with my wife and child, started for Chambersburg. When Capt. B returned he told me that he had got her a good boarding place in Chambersburg at Mrs. Ritterer's, and that she liked her boarding-place very well.

There were some six or seven in our party who did not know anything of our constitution, and as I have since understood, were also ignorant of the plan of operations until the Sunday morning previous to the attack Among this number were Edwin Copple, Barclay Copple, Francis J. Merriam, Shields Green, John Copeland and Leary.

The constitution was read to them by A. D Stephens and the oath afterwards administered by Capt Brown. Sunday evening previous to our departure, Capt Brown made his final arrangements for the capture of Harper's Ferry and gave to his men their orders. In closing, he said, "and now, gentlemen, let me press this one thing on your minds, you all know how dear life is to you, and how dear your lives are to your friends; and in remembering that consider that the lives of others are as dear to them as yours are to you; do not, therefore, take the life of any one if you can possibly avoid it, but if it is necessary to take life in order to save your own, make sure work of it."

After taking the town I was placed under Capt. Stephens, who received orders to proceed to the house of Col Lewis Washington and to take him prisoner and to bring his slaves, horses and arms, and as we came back to take Mr Alstadtt, and his slaves and to bring them all to Capt. Brown at the Armory When we returned I stayed a short time in the engine house to get warm, as I was chilled through. After I got warm Captain Brown ordered me to go with C P Tidd, who was to take William H Leeman and I think four slaves with him in Col Washington's large wagon across the river, and to take Terrence Burns and his brother and their slaves prisoners My orders were to hold Burns and brother as prisoners at their own house while Tidd and the slaves who accompanied him were to go to Capt Brown's house and to load in the arms and bring them down to the school-house, stopping for the Burns' and their guard. William H. Leeman remained with me to guard the prisoners. On return of the wagon, in compliance with orders, we all started for the school house When we got there I was to remain, by Capt Brown's orders, with one of the slaves to guard the arms, while C P Tidd, with the other negroes, was to go back for the rest of the arms, and Burns was to be sent with William H Leeman to Capt Brown at the Armory It was at this time that William Thompson came up from the Ferry and reported that everything was all right, and then hurried on to overtake William H Leeman A short time after the departure of Tidd I heard a good deal of firing and became anxious to know the cause, but my orders were strict to remain in the school house and guard the arms [illegible] the evening C P Tidd [illegible] second load [illegible] woman a short distance below the Ferry [illegible] were fighting hard at the Ferry I [illegible] forward on till I came to the Lock kept by George Hardy, about a mile above the bridge, where I saw his wife and Mrs Elizabeth Read, who told me that our men were hemmed in and that several of them had been shot I expressed my intention to try to get to them, when Mrs Hardy asked me to try and get her husband from the engine house. I told her I would Mrs Read begged of me not to go down to the Ferry She said I would be shot. I told her I must make an attempt to save my comrades, and passed on down the road. A short distance below the Lock I met two boys whom I knew, and they told me that our men were all hemmed in by troops from Charlestown, Martinsburg, Hagerstown and Shepherdstown. The negro who was with me had been very much frightened at the first report we received, and as the boys told me the troops were coming up the road after us soon, I sent him (the negro) back to inform Tidd while I hastened down the road After going down the opposite of the Ferry, I ascended the mountain in order to get a better view of the position of our opponents.

I saw that our party were completely surrounded, and as I saw a body of men on High street firing down upon them, they were about a half mile distant from me, I thought I would draw their fire upon myself; I therefore raised my rifle and took the best aim I could and fired. It had the desired effect, for the very instant the party returned it. Several shots were exchanged, The last one they fired at me cut a small limb I had hold of just below my hand, and gave me a fall of about fifteen feet, by which I was severely bruised and my flesh somewhat lacerated. I descended from the mountain and passed down the road to the Crane on the bank of the canal, about fifty yards from Mr W's store. I saw several heads behind the door-post looking at me; I took a position behind the Crane, and cocking my rifle beckoned to some of them to come to me, after some hesitation one of them approached, and then another, both of whom knew me. I asked them if there were any armed men in the store They pledged me their word and honor there were none I then passed down to the lock-house and went down the steps to the lock, where I saw Wm McGreg, and questioned him in regard to the troops on the other side He told me that the bridge was filled by our opponents and that all of our party were dead but seven—that two of them were shot while attempting to cross the river. He begged me to leave immediately. After questioning him in regard to the position and number of the troops, and from what sources he received his information, I bid him good night, and started up the road at a rapid walk. I stopped at the house of an Irish family at the foot of the hill, and got a cup of coffee and some eatables. I was informed by them that Captain Brown was dead—that he had been shot about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. At the time I believed this report to be true I went up to the school-house and found the shutters and door closed—called to Tidd and the boys, but received no answer; cocked my rifle and then opened the door It was dark at this time. Some of the goods had been placed in the middle of the floor, and in the dark looked like men crouching I uncocked my rifle and drew my revolver, and then struck a match—saw that there was no one in the school-house went into the bushes back of the school-house and called for the boys Receiving no answer, I went across the road into some pines, and again called, but could find no one I then started up the road towards Capt Brown's house, I saw a party of men coming down the road, when within about fifty yards I ordered them to halt; they recognized my voice and called me. I found them to be Charles F. Tidd, Owen Brown, Barclay Copple, F. J. Merriam, and a negro, who belonged to Washington or Alstadtt. They asked me the news, and I gave the information that I received at the canal lock and on the road. It seemed that they thought it would be sheer madness in them to attempt a rescue of our comrades, and it was finally determined to return to the house of Capt Brown I found that Tidd, before leaving the school house to go for Brown, Copple and Merriam, had stationed the negroes in a good position in the timber back of the school house On his return, however, they could not be found. We, therefore, left for Capt Brown's house Here we got a few articles which would be necessary, and then went over into the timber on the side of the mountain, a few yards beyond the house, where the spears were kept. Here we laid down and went to sleep About 3 o'clock in the morning one of our party awakened and found that the negro had left us He immediately aroused the rest of the party, and we concluded to go to the top of the mountain before light Here we remained for a few hours, and then passed over to the other side of the mountain, where we waited till dark, and then crossed the valley to the other range beyond.

* * * * * * * *

I see from some of the newspapers, that I have been represented as Capt Brown's chief aid This is incorrect Kagi was second in command, Stephens third, Hazlitt fourth. Further than this, I do not know that Capt Brown had made known any preference as to superiority or rank Edward Copple and Dolphin Thomas were the only lieutenants he commissioned Owen Brown, Barclay, Copple and F. J Merriam were not at the Ferry during the time the attack was made, but remained, by order of Capt Brown, to take charge of the premises, and to guard the arms left at Brown's house, in case of an attack I do not know of any persons in the Ferry or its neighborhood, who knew of our plans, save our own party, and they were pledged to keep it secret.

Richard Realf, one of our original party, and our Secretary of State, came from Chatham to Cleveland, a few days before Capt Brown's arrival from the East. Soon after his arrival, he (Capt. Brown) sent Realf to New York city, at which place he embarked for England, for the purpose of carrying out the plans of Capt Brown. Realf was born and raised in England. He is a peasant's son, but his native talents brought him into the notice of some of the nobility, who took charge of him, and made arrangements to give him a finished education. He was taken into the family of Lady Noel Byron, where he made his home while pursuing his studies Falling in love with a young lady of noble birth, who was a relative of Lady Byron's, he was censured by Lady B for his presumption He became offended at her interference, and finally left Lady B to work his own way in the world About this time the Chartist movement was made, which Realf joined, and the result was he was obliged to seek safety by emigrating to America He made his home some years in New York city A part of the time he was there, he was engaged as assistant superintendent of the Five Points Mission He is well known as an author and a poet. He gave up his situation as assistant superintendent, and went to Kansas in the summer or fall of 1855 I first met him in Lawrence, Kansas Territory No word was received from him, to my knowledge, after he left for England, to which place he went in his own capacity and that of our Secretary of State, to solicit funds for the support of our organization He proposed to deliver a course of lectures in various parts of England, the net proceeds of which were to be given to carry out Capt. Brown's plans He is a man of rare talents, and a powerful and fluent speaker He is about twenty-eight years of age * * * * *

At the time Mr Alstadtt was taken I was not at his house, but in the carriage with Col Lewis Washington, opposite the house I do not think any arms were placed in the hands of his slaves till they arrived at the musket armory I did not see any of the spears on our way from the Ferry to Col Washington's—there were none taken out to my knowledge After stopping about half an hour at the engine-house to get warm, I was called out by Capt Brown, and then saw, for the first time, the slaves with spears in their hands. I do not know who gave them the spears, but it was some of our party, and probably by the order of Capt Brown * *

I was commissioned as Captain on the Sunday of the insurrection, at the same time the others were, and with them took the oath prescribed in article 48 in the constitution.


# THE U.S. POLICE GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN
BOSTON,
NEW YORK,
PHILADELPHIA,
BALTIMORE.

For the Week ending Saturday, December 10, 1859.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DON LEANDER.—Our connection has been a pleasant one, and we regret the necessity of parting But we shall endeavor to make good the deficiency

## The Lesson of the Hour.

The solemn event of Friday, December 2d, should not be permitted to pass as a mere sensation occurrence. The execution of such a character as Ossawatomie Brown should be something more than the gossip of a day and the source of a temporary excitement, to be forgotten in the whirl of succeeding incidents and the busy concerns of every-day life. We believe that the impression made has been deep and pervading. Millions in every section of this great confederacy were startled out of a feeling of security by the explosion of the conspiracy at Harper's Ferry. The intelligence came upon them like the sound of a fire-bell in the night. They knew that there existed in the bosom of this nation a crew of resolute agitators and blatant humanitarians, who inculcated the fiercest hostility to an institution interwoven with the social existence of a vast portion of our people. They were aware that defiance of all law was freely preached; but they supposed that this wild rant would be as harmless as the idle wind. The bold invasion of Virginia, with the purpose of kindling the flames of a servile war, aroused the nation from its dream of security, and showed that treasonous talk had resulted at last in treasonous action and deadly assaults upon the peace of those who had confided in the protection of the constitution and the authority of government. Now was the time to test the strength of our devotion to the Union. The insurrectionary movement was promptly crushed, and the leaders were captured. What was to be done with them? Pardon them, shrieked the abolitionists. Punish them by imprisonment; they have done wrong, but they honestly believed that they were doing right, suggested the half-sympathizing individuals who admired Brown's iron resolution and credited his philanthropic cant. Give them to the gallows, as an example to all who may be inclined to follow in their path, exclaimed the slaveholding States. Under the mildest construction of the laws, these invaders and insurgents had forfeited their lives. What was to be gained by treating them with leniency? A repetition of their daring and bloody enterprises upon a more extended and destructive scale. Brown professed no penitence—he boldly expressed his regret that he had failed. His whole demeanor was calculated to stimulate others to greater outrages of a similar description. Was this a fitting occasion for pardon, simply because the man *believed* that he was acting out the express commands of God? If so, we had better abolish all laws, and trust to what we choose to think inspiration from above to determine our social duties. The State of Virginia was resolved to show that her soil and her institutions were not absolutely at the mercy of fanatics, with sufficient "method in their madness" to perfect a damnable plot. John Brown was hung in accordance with that determination, and, though here and there in the Northern States, may be found a few brain-sick individuals to canonize him, and even to impiously liken him to the crucified Christ, we believe the great body of the people of all parts of the country will endorse the act of punishment. The constitutional rights of all citizens of the confederacy must be held sacred, and those who violate these solemnly guaranteed rights must be taught that death—an ignominious death—waits upon the deed. This is the true lesson of the hour, and if the mourners over the body of old Brown will take it to heart, they may save themselves from sharing his terrible doom.

A PRESS OF MATTER.—In consequence of the universal excitement in reference to the execution of old John Brown, and our determination to furnish the most complete information concerning the topic of the hour, we have been compelled to exclude a mass of correspondence and other matter we have on hand. Next week we we shall present our usual variety. Correspondents will please have patience and they shall receive an early hearing.

LITERATURE.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. By Charles Dickens —The latest work of fiction from the magical pen of the most popular of novelists has been published in complete form by T. B. Peterson & Bros., No 306 Chesnut street We have perused the story with unflagging interest In some respects, we are quite sure that no other fiction of the day can approach it. Considered as a picture of Paris in the days of the old French revolution, it has the highest historical value In depth and force of imagination, it far exceeds any contemporary work Its pathos is exquisitely affecting As years mature the genius of Dickens, he loses something of his bright and cheerful humor. He could not produce another "Pickwick" to-day. But he seems to gain in artistic power and perfection of taste Among the critics, the "Tale of the Two Cities" will be considered a novel of the highest rank

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC FOR 1860 is a remarkable publication of its kind. It is stored with useful information, valuable to every citizen, and has evidently been prepared with judgment and care Mr John Haslett deserves a great deal of credit for getting up such a reliable work for so cheap a price This Almanac is by far the best that has been issued since the days of Franklin's "Poor Richard" publication. A Winch, 320 Chestnut Sts, is the General Agent

## Philadelphia.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DELAYS OF JUSTICE?

There was but little stirring in the Quarter Sessions last week. The court adjourned over from Tuesday until Thursday, for what reason does not clearly appear; but certainly not for want of business For instance, there is the Hon William Millward's case undisposed of, not to speak of the two or three homicide cases yet to be tried. On Monday, on the occasion of the presentment of the Grand Jury, Judge Thompson ventilated himself in a labored effort to remove from the Court and the District Attorney the blame for allowing so many cases to pass without trial. Of course the poor magistrates have to shoulder all the responsibility. They take straw bail, says the Judge, and when the defendants are wanted they are no where to be found, and it is discovered that their bail is worthless This is lamentably true, to a very great extent, and our aldermen are responsible for a great deal of the seeming mal-administration of justice in this court. But Judge Thompson, by the tone of his remarks, evidently referred to those cases which have attracted public attention, and he is fully aware that his assertions with reference to straw bail, applies as a rule to those individuals whose very existence is unknown to the public, until they come to trial In those cases to which attention has been called, the defendants are persons known to the officers of the court, [illegible] that their bail is bogus. Does [illegible] Alderman [illegible] Judge Thompson bound over [illegible] misdemeanor in office, cannot be found if wanted, and brought into court and his case disposed of? Or does the Judge mean further to intimate that William Blye, who stands charged with arson, cannot be found, or that his bail is worthless? Geo Elliott is that bail, and although it was paid for by the defendant, we venture to say that there could be no difficulty to collect ing the amount, ($1800,) should the recognizance be forfeited, if in fact there was any necessity for such a step. The fact is, the Judge's *argument* to the Grand Jury was the veriest piece of sophistry ever uttered from the bench There are numerous cases of importance to the position we have named. In the case of Blye there are peculiar reasons, known to the District Attorney, calling imperatively for a trial of the defendant. There seems to be an opinion prevalent among the officers of the Commonwealth that their tracks are always successfully covered up, but the contrary will be discovered very soon, unless something like even-handed justice is meted out to the rich and the poor, the high and the low, committed to stand their trial in the Quarter Sessions

THE DOUGLAS PERJURY CASE

Robert J. Douglass, the well known mulatto, again made his appearance in Court this week, and was placed on trial, charged with perjury, in swearing in a case in which he charged larceny against Hannah Cooper, a respectable colored woman of this city Douglass is a character among the colored people. Shrewd and watchful, he has succeeded in amassing a considerable property, (which, by the way, is destined to be swallowed by the lawyers) and he is looked upon as a nabob by the people of his race The first time that Douglass came before the public, was in a suit, tried three or four years ago in the Nisi Prius, in which the estate of Mr Thomas Mitchell was sued to recover the value of two promissory notes, amounting to $6000 The case was a peculiar one. The two notes were written upon dirty pieces of paper, scarcely large enough for the purpose, and were not in the handwriting of Mr Mitchell—it being contended, however, that the signatures were genuine No entry could be found on the books of Mr Mitchell of these notes, and yet it was proven that he was the most methodical of men in all his business arrangements, entering every transaction and drawing his own promissory notes. Here was doubt thrown upon the transaction, and Douglass bolstered up his case by calling a large number of colored persons to testify that about the time of the dates of these notes, he had a large sum of money, which he had received from California Further, that the sum was deposited with Mr Mitchell for investment, and he gave his notes The case was brought to a stand-still, owing to the illness of a juror, and last winter it was again tried, occupying nearly a week, and exciting no little comment on the extraordinary nature of the evidence. Douglass got a verdict in his favor for the full amount claimed. Between the time of the first and second trials, Douglass got into further difficulties, and was tried in the Quarter Sessions on the charge of perjury, in swearing to an affidavit of defence, the prosecutor being Wilkinson Jones, a colored man of some means. He was convicted, but succeeded in obtaining a new trial in consequence of the conduct of the jury after they had retired.

The second trial resulted in an acquittal Wilkinson Jones was then prosecuted in Camden, by Douglass, for perjury. The present charge of perjury is brought by Hannah Cooper. On the trial of the larceny case, Mrs Cooper was acquitted, it being shown that, at the time at which Douglass alleged the larceny to have been committed, she was confined to her bed. It is alleged that the charge of larceny was preferred by Douglass in order to prevent Mrs Cooper becoming a witness in one of his numerous suits The present case occupied the Court from Thursday until Saturday, and a large number of the *elite* of the colored race were examined as witnesses; and, as usual in all cases where colored people are called to the witness stand, the evidence was of the most contradictory character, leaving the impression that somebody must be telling what is not exactly the truth

A HEAVY OPERATION OF THE CONIACKERS.

Considerable excitement was created among the financial circles of Philadelphia, on Tuesday of last week, by the discovery of a wholesale and most dangerous operation of some skilful coniackers. Several days previous, Mr Thomas Robins, of the Philadelphia Bank, received a despatch from New Orleans, which ran as follows —"We are offered $4000 in 50's and 100's on your Bank Is all right?" The President was astonished, and, after some investigation, he replied by telegraph —"No; it cannot be all right." He thought it impossible that such an amount in notes

## OUR LETTER BOX.

### Baltimore.

*The City Passenger Railways—Trickery in Councils—Roughs in Office—Change of Tactics—Prepare for Packed Juries—Arrest the Vagrants, &c.*

BALTIMORE, Dec. 3.

[illegible]

### Boston.

[illegible]

## AMUSEMENTS.

NEW WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

[illegible]

WHEATLEY & CLARKE'S THEATRE.

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SONG BOOKS.

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CURE GLEET,
CURE GLEET,
CURE GLEET,
CURE STRICTURE,
CURE STRICTURE,
CURE STRICTURE,
CURE LEUCHORRHŒA,
CURE LEUCHORRHŒA,
CURE LEUCHORRHŒA,
FEMALE WEAKNESSES,
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AND
ALL OTHER
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# RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

# DETECTIVE POLICE OFFICER.

No. I.

## MARK STRETTON.—Continued.

It was not so bad a piece of concealment after all, except for my legs, and they were pretty well concealed by two large lyre-shaped pedals: only a person stooping down could possibly see them. If, indeed, any of the company came round the piano—way, then, like the theatrical machinist, not being able to show white, I should be obliged to show brown!

At last the tedious watch-hands marked the hour of eleven, and a few minutes after the bridal party entered the room and seated themselves. The bride, starting back upon the brink of the precipice, sobbed wofully; a manifestation of feeling which the soft, but stern, low tones of M. Achilles Morny rebuked, and *registered*.

A few painful minutes passed, and then entered the Reverend Mr. ——, and his clerk. The company stood up, and the clergyman commanded the doors to be thrown open; that was done, and the ceremony began.

"Dearly beloved ——"

"It is needless," said I, stepping to the front—"it is needless to read further. I am a police officer, and the bridegroom, Achilles Morny, is wanted."

Amazement, consternation, could never, I suppose, have been more vividly depicted than by the faces and attitudes of all assembled there.

The clergyman was the first to speak. "What," he asked, is the meaning of this? If you ——"

"Ha! ha!" interrupted Morny, who had by then recognized me—"it is that *scélérat* Waters! He that will have it that I was married in Scotland! Adele," he added, stepping towards the woman, who, for decency's sake, stood some distance apart, "Adele, thou wilt——"

Affecting to misunderstand his movement, I seized him by the collar. "Dare to stir, sir, and I will handcuff you!" and I took a pair of handcuffs from my pocket.

The fellow was dumb-founded, and I went on. "I arrest you, Achilles Morny, for felony—for robbing Mr. Mark Stretton of several thousand pounds by threats of accusing him of a capital offence."

"My God!——"

The fellow's eye quailed beneath mine; the hue of his face was that of a corpse; I felt doubly sure that I was right.

"That accusation, Achilles Morny, you supported by a forged newspaper ——. Ah! you force me to it, then!"—and after a short struggle, I clasped the iron cuffs upon his wrists. "You the while knowing well that Aime Bontemps was and is alive and well! But we waste words. Come along, and at once;" and I pushed him towards the door with much greater violence than I should have used had it not been my cue to stun, confound him. I succeeded.

"Mercy! mercy!" he screamed, bursting away from me, and casting himself at the feet of Miss Vignolles, who, like her cousin, seemed stricken into stone. "Mercy, Clara! I swear to you by all that is holy, sacred, by my love, my devotion, to you, that I intended—our union once consecrated—to admit, to proclaim that Aime Bontemps was not drowned, and is alive and well! Yes, I swear that——"

"That will do, M. Achilles Morny," I interrupted; "and in recompense of your volunteered confession, I will relieve you of the handcuffs."

"Thunder of hell! Then you did not know that—that——"

"Right! I did *not* know, till you confessed it, that the newspaper paragraph was a forgery; and but for your very candid avowal, we should have been scarcely able to detain you more than an hour or two. You have saved us trouble, and now come along."

The volley of cursing rage which my words elicited was really something awful, and feeling as I did how extremely painful the scene must be to Miss Vignolles, I bore Achilles Morny away by sheer force.

When he was taken before a magistrate the next morning, some slight evidence was given, and a remand requested, which, as a matter of course, [illegible] of obtaining money under false pretences—it being perfectly competent to him to prefer the graver charge of felony at a future period—the solicitor for the prosecution did not, I say, object to the prisoner being admitted to bail. Bail was accordingly granted, and strange as it may seem to those tradesmen, who had never before heard of Achilles Morny, came forward to bail him in very heavy recognisances.

This was much the wisest course. Mark Stretton had almost deserved the suffering and loss he had undergone; and for Miss Vignolles' sake it was desirable that Morny should flee the country, which he very speedily did. As to the alleged crime at Clifton, not the faintest proof thereof could have been obtained. Perhaps too, after all, Mark Stretton's suspicion was unfounded. If not, we may be sure that the crime, though unseen by human eyes, was witnessed by Him, who said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

No. II.

## THE DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

During my third year of service in the force I was a frequent visitor in the evenings at the Wrekin Tavern, an establishment well known to most Londoners. My especial business there was to be on the watch for a certain tradesman, whose predilection for convivial, and particularly theatrical society, had led him step by step to distaste for and neglect of his business, and finally to a ruin of a deeper dye than inability to meet pecuniary obligations commonly involves. I waited and watched in vain: Mr. Stephen H—— did not again show himself at his once favorite place of resort, and ultimately effected his escape to America, though the pursuit after him was very hot indeed. As far, therefore, as he was concerned my time was thrown away, and I should have escaped much disquietude had these visits to the Wrekin been wholly barren in professional experience.

It was not to be so: one of the *habitués* of the place was a young and quite unmistakeable Celt, though his name, which I need not write at length, was a common English one. His face was intellectual rather than handsome, but there was much spiritual beauty in his dark eyes and flashing smile. He had, I was told, taken a degree at Trinity College, Dublin, had written with success in the fugitive literature of that capital, and about four months previously to my night-acquaintance with him arrived in London with the manuscript of a five act tragedy, acceptance of which by the management of one of the large theatres he was still awaiting with a nervous impatience, strangely dashed with misgiving, notwithstanding that all those [illegible] of opinion [illegible] associates to whom he had read the play were unanimous [illegible] favorite with the frequenters of the Wrekin; quick in repartee, and an ever-flowing fount of genial, if not very exquisite humor: he sang well, too; and one particular song, said to be his own composition both in words and music, twice or thrice during the same evening. It did not much impress me with an idea of his skill as a writer of ballads, it being a mere echo of the sonorous sweetness of Moore's songs, and its main gist to persuade the fair one to whom it is addressed that true wisdom consisted in enjoying herself whilst she could, forasmuch that, though her lips were roses, her eyes stars, her breath the sighs of flowerets in heaven, she might die ere the morrow! Nothing very new or striking in that, it seemed to me. His dramatic genius might, however, be of a higher order than his song power, and if so, I sincerely hoped that its successful manifestation would not be long delayed; for, even to a stranger, it was a sad sight to see a man of evidently great promise so wasting, soiling his golden prime; brightening, night after night, the thick smoke of intoxication with flashes of a genius which, if possibly unequal to the creation of a great tragedy, was certainly of a diviner quality than is vouchsafed to the ordinary run of educated men. The Helicon, the draughts of which I had read inspired or stimulated the poetic soul, was not, I felt quite sure, brandy and water.

There were other circumstances which quickened the sort of languid interest which from the first I felt in the gifted young Irishman. He was himself well dressed, and appeared to be tolerably well supplied with money. His board, I suspected, cost very little; his drink expenses, including frequent treats to others, could not certainly exceed fifteen, or say twenty shillings, per diem—outgoings which a small legacy he had come into possession of just before he left Dublin sufficed as yet to meet. But there was an elderly, grey-haired man, almost constantly sitting by his side at the Wrekin, whose thread-bare habiliments and niggardly expenditure contrasted strangely with the fashionable apparel and lavish outlay of the young man, for whom he evidently felt the tenderest regard, the highest admiration. I noticed that Dobbs, as he was called—(he was, I heard, a now shelved actor, who had been the original Dobbs in some play or farce)—I noticed, I say, that Dobbs would sit for hours over one glass of ale or porter, almost constantly refused to be treated by the thoughtless author, and ever when the hour arrived—a sufficiently late one—for the departure of the general company, made use of every means of persuasion in his power—tears in his fading eyes, the name of Aileen (which, imperfectly overhearing, I mistook for Helen), trembling from his thin, shrivelled lips—to induce him to go home; rarely with success. I felt a great respect for the original Dobbs. He might be a bad actor, but he certainly was a true gentleman, spite of his seedy clothes, his utter poverty, and the contaminating associations with which that poverty had forced him into contact.

I wished, in a half-careless way, to know something more of him and his connection with C——, and with that view questioned one Roberts, a conspicuous frequenter of the Wrekin, and, I was informed, a provincial actor of unquestionable talent, against whom so unaccountable a prejudice prevailed amongst the metropolitan managers, that he had never been able to obtain a London engagement. Now, I had closely observed this Roberts, in consequence of a vague notion I entertained that I had somewhere seen him under discreditable circumstances—not, however, being able, after much trying, to remember when or where; and he evidently having no recollection of me, I concluded that a real or fancied resemblance to another person had misled me.

"Is Dobbs, as you call him, related to C—— ?" I asked, amidst the clink and clatter attending the replenishment of pipes, pots, and glasses, at the conclusion of an uproariously-applauded song.

"Not yet," replied Roberts, in a tone as guarded as my own. "Not yet; but if C——'s play be accepted and prove successful—and I hope my head will never ache till then—they will no doubt be father and son-in-law."

"Dobbs has a daughter, then; whom C—— is courting?"

"Yes; and a very nice girl indeed is Aileen M'Grath, but possessed of no more talent for the stage, which till C—— fell in her way she was intended for, than her stick of a father. As to the play herself, which is to make all their fortunes," continued Roberts, "it will never be accepted by any manager who has not lost his senses, and this the fellows here who praise it to the skies, and who will drain the conceited Celt of his last shilling before they have done with him, know as well as I do, ay, and they will tell him so too, when that last shilling is spent: not, probably, till then. C—— is as devoid of dramatic genius," added Roberts, touching the empty glass before him with the end of his pipe, "as this glass is of brandy and water."

I understood the hint quite well, but as I had paid for the last tumbler, I did not see the expediency of acting upon it. The disappointment was a transient one.

"Roberts," said C——, who had left the room for a few minutes, and was passing us on returning to his seat, "Roberts, you will take a glass—two if you will—with me this evening?"

"Thou ace of trumps, I will!" exclaimed Roberts, jumping up and grasping C——'s hand with a natural assumption of friendship and esteem decisive of his talent as an actor; "Thou ace of trumps, I will! Ace of hearts, as well as trumps, I should have said."

"Let me tell you," interrupted C——, "why I am in such capital spirits to-night. I met Harley this afternoon, and he assured me that my play has been read in the green-room to the chiefs of the company by Charles Kemble, and that a most favorable opinion has been expressed; some even predicting that its success will equal that of Knowles's *Virginius*."

"Why, of course it will!" was Roberts's prompt rejoinder: "men are not stocks and stones; they have powers of appreciation; and knowing as we all do, that Knowles's play was made by Macready's acting—itself more showy melodramatic strutting and spouting, by the way—the superior success of yours is not to be doubted. Waiter," added Mr. Roberts, as that functionary came up, and C—— passed to his place, "two hot brandies and water for me—Mr. C—— pays. Shillingsworths, mind."

The order given, Mr. Roberts refilled his pipe, favored me with an impressive wink, and resumed his former strain of accomplished malignity, which I interrupted by a curt "good night."

During the next two months I looked in at the Wrekin two or three times a week, if I happened to be passing near; almost invariably found C—— there, and knew without inquiring that the fate of his play was still undecided. His clothes were getting seedy, his watch and a diamond breast-pin had disappeared, and his bright young life seemed to be passing under the shadow of a great eclipse. The fire of his wit and humor flashed faintly, at intervals only, and it was painfully manifest that the mental and moral wreck of a fine mind could only be averted by the speedy realization of the dream of success and fame by which he had been lured from the safe, beaten path of life. The original Dobbs, I observed, was still hopeful, or affected to be so; but his cheerful commonplaces fell upon ears deafer with each passing day to such windy consolation. Several times I was about to counsel the misguided young man to break away at all hazard from the thraldom of a dreaming idleness, and get to work of some sort—literary work, if none other were within his reach—but the half-formed words remained unspoken. What right had I to obtrude advice upon a person with whom I had never exchanged a word? It would have been sheer impertinence to do so.

It was in the stars, nevertheless, that C—— and I should be brought into close communication with each other. It came to pass thus wise.

The day when acceptance or rejection of the play by the Covent Garden management was to be definitively announced had arrived, and C—— awaited at the Wrekin, with fierce restlessness, the coming of the manager's [illegible] which would decide his fate.

The afternoon had passed away, and evening was wearing [illegible] stage-manager as to the reason of [illegible] to go and question the hour. At last Dobbs, unable to bear the cruel suspense any longer, jumped up and left the room, declaring that he would see Mr. Cha[illegible] self, and be back in no time.

He had been gone about ten minutes only when Roberts bounced into the [illegible] pipes, and C——, trembling in every limb, staggered, as it were, to his feet, and with ashen lips quivered out, "Well?"

"It is *not* well, I am sorry to say," replied Roberts, with a miserable affectation of sympathy. "Mr. Harley is grieved to say that the play has been rejected, and adds, that the MS. will be returned this evening or early to-morrow."

Poor C—— fell down in his seat as if shot, looked round with a wild, ghastly stare, and burst into a fit of laughter! One of the company sitting near proffered him a full glass of hot spirits and water, which he emptied at a gulp. It appeared to still his agitation; and looking round, as if his purpose needed excuse, he muttered some half-incoherent words, to the effect "that after such news he must take a draught of fresh air to revive himself;" and as his fevered eyes met mine in passing me (he knew my vocation), he added, "that he should be back in five minutes, or less."

A vague apprehension of the purpose for which he was hurrying away crossed my mind, and after a lapse of two or three minutes I started up to go in quest of the unfortunate youth.

As I opened the door to go out, I was almost knocked off my legs by the sudden inrush of Dobbs in a state of tremendous excitement, and waving a paper triumphantly aloft.

"Hurra!" he screamed; "hurra! The play will be put in rehearsal immediately. Where's C——?"

Half-a-dozen voices replied that he would be back immediately; and it was then angrily demanded of Roberts why he had just before announced, upon the authority of Mr. Harley, that the play was rejected."

"I did not say of my own knowledge that Mr. Harley had so expressed himself," sullenly rejoined Roberts. "Franks was my informant. I spoke after him."

"Then Franks is a liar!" cried Dobbs. "Here is the genuine article in black and white!" again triumphantly waving aloft the paper in his hand. He next read it with asthmatic stops, adding, "Here it is in black and white, written by Mr. Charles Kemble himself, and given me unsealed, because there was no wax or wafer at hand:—

"'THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN

"'Mr. Charles Kemble presents his compliments to Mr. C——, and is happy to inform him that his admirable play has been definitely accepted by the management, and will be immediately put in rehearsal. If Mr. C—— can make it convenient to call to-morrow at the Theatre, between twelve and two, Mr Charles Kemble will confer with him upon the business-arrangements consequent upon the acceptance of [illegible]'"

"That's conclusive, I rather think [illegible]" continued Dobbs. "But why does not C—— return? Surely he cannot be gone home already?"

"No—no—no," was the chorus answer; and Dobbs went on to relate in detail his interview with the great Kemble. I stayed not to hear him. The apprehension which the peculiar expression of C——'s face as he passed out of the room had excited, coming back upon me, as minute after minute passed away, with augmented force.

I vainly sought for him about the purlieus of the tavern; and as I had made myself acquainted with the whereabouts of his domicil, I stepped briskly in that direction, my sharp walk presently accelerated to a run. Henrietta street was no great distance, and I soon ascertained that he had not been there since he left in the morning. I hurried back as swiftly to see if he had returned to the Wrekin. A few yards from the tavern I met a police-officer, and asked him if he had seen a tall young man, wearing a short cloak and a kind of military fur-cap. Yes, he had, about five minutes before, leaning against a lamp-post in Catharine street. The officer thought he was tipsy, accosted him, and was rudely repulsed, and the man went on his way with a feeble, staggering pace, but not so much so as to justify police interference. "He was going towards the Strand," added the officer, calling after me. I had concluded so; the mode, in this instance, of accomplishing the mischief which is so swift to enter into the thoughts of desperate men having instinctively, as it were, suggested itself to my mind.

The night was bleak and gusty; there were very few persons abroad; the clouded moon afforded barely sufficient light to dimly distinguish objects in the distance; and it was not till I had crossed the Strand at the end of Catharine street, and proceeded some way along Waterloo Place, that I fancied—believed—I saw Mr. C——. A tall man was standing on the kerb within a dozen paces of the end of the bridge. Presently a phaeton came rapidly through the gate, the brilliant lamps of which shone for a moment full upon the man's face, and I knew I was not mistaken. C—— was standing still; his suicidal intent, as I judged, checked by the tremendous "perhaps" which makes calamity of such long life. I feared to resolve that hesitation in a fatal sense by showing myself till I was within grappling distance. A false pride would, I dreaded, prompt him to consummate the dreadful purpose of which he would instantly be aware he was suspected.

I therefore crept cautiously along, keeping myself as much as possible in shadow, and had got within perhaps twenty paces of him when he suddenly started off at a run, and passed through the revolving bridge-wicket. I followed hard, but he heard not, or appeared at least not to hear my pursuing steps, and I soon neared him sufficiently to be able to frustrate the design of which I suspected him, should he attempt to put it into execution.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE TWO COUSINS:

OR,

## THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

BY LADY CLARA CAVENDISH.

### CHAPTER XLII.

JOANNA'S ESCAPE FROM MADAME ARUNDELLI'S.

Fain would we linger over, during the course of this eventful narrative, by the side of Joanna, watching her future; and ever and anon diving into the pure depths of that guiltless heart, to fish up the bright pearls of goodness and of feeling that there lie in countless measure; but we are driven from that fair and truthful companionship by the exigencies of our story, and it is Lisa, the woman of the world, that we are compelled to watch, and it is her proceedings that must form the staple of our story.

Now, however, that Lisa is lifting up her eyes, and thinking that the time has come when she dares look about her—now that the crushing weight of personal danger seems to be lifted from her head—we will once more proceed to Bond street, and see how our Joanna fares after the fearful discovery in the loft at Madame Arundelli's.

We have said that Joanna did not scream—we have said that she did not faint. It was by strong efforts, though, that she contrived, at first, to do the one and then the other.

Had the occasion been a less one, she might possibly have yielded to both those impulses; but the horror of the sight held her gaze in the loft, and the apparent magnitude of the event—for it might be murder—seemed to nerve her with the power of resistance.

And so Joanna, with her face to the loft entrance, with her fair cheeks blanched with terror, with her heart beating to such excess that it seemed momentarily as if it would burst its bounds, and submerge in its wild throbbings all other existence—with such creeping horror in her brain, that she almost thought her reason would give way—shrunk from the fearful sight of mortal decay that that place presented.

Down the steps of the ladder, and with her she dragged Sarah, as though by a natural impulse she would remove her from some great danger—down those steps, without a word, came Joanna.

Joanna reached the foot of the ladder, and turned and faced Sarah, who was recovering from her swoon. She uttered a half-stifled cry—a cry that she only strove to stifle, without fairly succeeding; and as Joanna clung to her arm with a tenacity that was painful, the candle shook so excessively between them, that at length it fairly broke and doubled over like a foot rule, and kept on burning in that eccentric fashion.

There was indescribable, though voiceless terror in the looks of both Joanna and Sarah.

"Murder! Fire!" gasped Sarah. "Oh, is it a ghostesses?"

Joanna's lips moved, but she could not speak.

"Oh, don't—don't!" said Sarah. "Don't say you can't say nothing, but say it at once."

"I—yes—dead!"

"Murder?"

"Yes."

"Who is that?" screamed Miss Winch from below, as she now again opened the door with a sudden burst, and appeared upon the scene.

Joanna, at the sound of the voice, uttered a shriek, and releasing Sarah from the hold that [illegible] fol, inasmuch as it brought her into communion with a living thing, instead of [illegible] fearful vestige [illegible] turned and faced [illegible]

"I did hear voices," said Miss Winch.

Joanna, with a sudden [illegible] ment—with her hands [illegible] eyes fixed not upon where she was going, but as if upon vacancy—and with a [illegible] tongue, fluttering movement of the lips, although no sound came from them—slowly commenced the descent of the stairs.

The excitement of the moment had brought about again a recurrence of the phenomenon of vital existence, that, since Monti had tampered with the nervous system of Joanna by his mysterious influence, had appeared to hang about her. She walked about in a kind of trance—somnambulistic or mesmeric, call it which we may—it had a strange and shuddering [illegible] about it.

Sarah flew some steps down stairs past her, for Joanna went very slowly.

"No, no!" said the girl. "[illegible] that way. Oh, gracious!"

She cast but one glance upon the strange aspect of Joanna, who looked like some beautiful statue just sufficiently endowed with life for motion, and then Sarah fell flat on the stairs, for she knew not what that could mean or portend—unless death were coming in some strange, now and terrible [illegible]

"Just wait one mo[illegible]" screamed Miss Winch; my candle has g[illegible]"

There was the sharp [illegible] lucifer match, and Miss Winch had re[illegible] her candle. The flash of its re-illuminati[illegible] on the staircase, as she commenced again [illegible] to the attic, full of a determination [illegible] to have a pitched battle with Sarah.

The sharp outline of [illegible] most prominent features became [illegible] exaggerated on the whitened wall, [illegible] nightcap, with the three tiers of frill, looked [illegible] grotesque.

"You hussy!—you—[illegible]h!"

Miss Winch suddenly [illegible] a pause; for, at the turn of the stairs, [illegible] scene above came to her sight. Sarah [illegible] lying on the stairs perfectly motionless—[illegible] which seemed to be one of those that [illegible] slight under any circumstances, was, [illegible] her head and another fracture, lying on [illegible] stair, and burning, and shedding [illegible] at a great rate. And Joanna, step by step [illegible] him, so slow—so solemn-looking—was des[illegible]

Miss Winch shrunk back [illegible] the wall stopped her. The appa[illegible] Joanna slowly brushed past her. The very [illegible] Miss Winch turned white —she dropped [illegible] light—[illegible] sound came from her throat, and she [illegible] down the remainder of the stairs, and [illegible] a little rush mat that was at the foot of them.

Step by step so stately—[illegible] melancholy—with such a look of [illegible] mingled with terror, upon her face, that [illegible] was to see it forever—our poor Joanna [illegible] slowly on, and now she reached the foot of [illegible] stairs, and she trod all unconsciously upon Miss Winch, and passed over her as she there [illegible]

On—on still down the [illegible] long flight; then the next, and the passage was [illegible] lined. Still, with the same slow and steady [illegible] did she proceed. All was darkness. The light was mournless, and but for the faint rays of the gas-lamps from the street through the fan-light above the street door, you could not have seen your hand before your face in the narrow passage, which had been curtailed of its full proportions to give another two feet to the show-rooms on the ground floor.

Still onward, however, went Joanna, until she reached the street door, and [illegible] some strange tact given to her, even in that [illegible] of mental obscurity, she slowly, but with[illegible] any apparent difficulty, unfastened it [illegible] open, and she passed into Bond street.

St. James' clock, in Piccadilly, struck two. The street was scant of passengers, and a soft summer rain was falling. As [illegible] first touch of this "refreshment of heaven," as Bacon calls it, fell upon her fair face, there [illegible] slight twitching of the muscles, and Joanna [illegible] uttered that same childish whispering sound that had before been a characteristic of any disturbance during her mesmeric trances, when they were induced by Monti.

That, even in the singular state she was in, there had been an actuating idea to get out of Madame Arundelli's house, was sufficiently apparent by the steady progress she had made for the furtherance of that object; but now she was fairly in the street, it did not appear that the mental idea carried her any further.

After the brief pause of a moment, when the soft rain fell on her cheek, she moved very slowly, right on—off the pavement, and into the road. The London mud lay thickly, for the rain had set in at midnight. A Hansom cab came tearing along from Piccadilly, projecting, with its large wheels, the mire in a rain of splashes. Joanna heeded it not. Still as slowly as foot could fall went she.

"Hi! hi! hi!"

The cab tore on.

"Hi! I say."

Oh, what a miracle was that! What a hair-breadth was there between our darling Joanna and death. The huge wheel of the vehicle brushed past her dress. It was the horse, who, goaded and jaded as he was, had seen her, and, by a noble instinct, swerved a little and saved her. The inferior animal who was driving, cut the noble creature with the long, wiry lash of the whip, as a reward, and the cab tore on. A couple of fast young gents were inside, singing a Bacchanalian duett.

Joanna had crossed the road, and was on the opposite pavement. She reached the railings of a hotel; and then, as they stopped her, she turned to the right, and slowly paced on, still cold, passionless and dreamy.

A policeman from a doorway flashed his lantern on her, and seeing her without anything on her head, and that her long, beautiful hair was dripping with rain, he cried out "Hilloa!"

Joanna did not heed him—Joanna, no doubt, did not hear him.

"Hilloa! I say, young woman! Hoi!"

Still she passed on.

The policeman ruminated with himself. Was it, or was it not, an offence to walk slowly down Bond street, in the rain, without a bonnet? Did it, or did it not, obstruct him in the discharge of his duty?

"It's *aggravating!*" he said, at the conclusion of the mental examination he had subjected his law to. It's *aggravating*. Who can she be? Hoi! Young woman! Hoi!"

The policeman walked slowly after her; and, as he did so, a sort of fear came over him, he knew not how; but it was the natural fear that is developed in the human mind by anything new and strange connected with the phenomena of that mysterious essence called vitality.

Joanna distanced the policeman, and went onward towards Oxford street. He hung back from the pursuit, and tried to whistle, but could hardly do it for the fright that came over him. Then he sprung his rattle.

A dozen windows were thrown up upon the instant, and Joanna, by some impulse, turned up Bruton street. Several passengers now passed her; but the state of the weather, and the general idea of all Londoners not to interfere in what "is no business of theirs"—a selfish fear of trouble and responsibility—kept them from taking more than a passing glance at her. To the left, on the first turning, she now went, and she reached Berkeley Square.

At the moment that our poor Joanna reached the locality, the door of a large house was thrown open, and two young men issued forth. One was the other was in [illegible] Guards. [illegible] time that they appeared, a cab, at a furious rate, drove up Bruton street. The horse was suddenly pulled up on to its very haunches, and a sharp [illegible] "Wait! See nothing and hear nothing till I come to you!"

"All's right, sir."

It was a tall, lithe figure, dressed in black, that leaped from the cab. Joanna had half crossed the roadway towards the square garden, and the tall man who had left the cab paused for an instant as the two young men from the house looked after her from the pavement.

"What is that, Stranmore?" said one.

"A woman, I think, without a bonnet," said the other.

"A mere girl, surely. Poor thing!"

"How strangely she walks. Come over, Rashleigh. Who knows but despair, hopelessness, and bitter poverty, may drive her to some desperate act, which a few coins, and a few kind words, may turn aside?"

"With all my heart," said Lionel Rashleigh, for it was no other than he, who had been on a visit to that house, with his friend, Charles Stranmore: it was that of a retired officer, who had known Stranmore's father; and they had staid later than they had intended.

And now the tall man who had leaped from the cab ran some distance round the square, and then darted across the way, so that he was on the small path that goes round the edge of the garden, and he crept along close to the railings to meet Joanna.

As he went, he made a strange motions with his arms and hands, and muttered to himself. "I know it," he said, "how far this strange power extends, and to what degree it will carry me in influence over those amenable to it; but that is Joanna Cleveland, and she walks in a trance which is a result of mesmeric influence. Oh, happy chance that took me for air and exercise for this brief hour in Bond street! She shall be mine yet, for the influence of her girlish beauty has been growing round my heart.

So spoke Monti, for it was he who had alighted from the cab and made his way after Joanna, only being arrested from rushing immediately upon her as his prize and prey, by the presence of the two young men, whose notice she had attracted, and whom he had not as yet recognized.

As regards Monti's presence in Bond street, it had just been as he himself said. The labors of the laboratory were telling upon him, and in the soft freshness of that summer's night he had left his home for exercise, and then, as will so naturally happen, he had bent his steps to those localities that were interesting to him. He had passed Hedsale House, and thence along Piccadilly he had passed into Bond street, and taken an upward glance at the various windows of Madame Arundelli's. It was at the period when the perplexed policeman sprung his rattle; and the guardian of the night, too glad to have an auditor to his tale of a ghost, told Monti, who paused, at first listlessly, to inquire what was the matter, enough to make him jump to the conclusion that it might, or, rather, that it must, be Joanna to whom he alluded.

Charles Stranmore was a pace behind Lionel Rashleigh, as they crossed the roadway of Berkeley Square, after Joanna, who still walked with the same jerking, mechanical kind of step.

"Pardon me," said Lionel, "but can we be of any assistance to you? It is neither impertinence nor idle curiosity which prompts us."

"Joanna!" cried Stranmore, as he sprung forward, and, right down in the mud and the mire, he sunk at her feet, and clasped his arms about her damp and clinging garments—"Joanna! my Joanna!—my own, my beautiful! God! God! it is my Joanna!"

A gush of tears came to the relief of his overcharged heart, and he sobbed aloud.

With her hands crossed over her breast, and a look of suffering upon her face, Joanna stood motionless. One tearful kind of moan came from her heart, and she seemed like a person struggling to shake off a nightmare.

"Joanna, my own love—ever loved—oh, oh how regretted!—pardon, pardon for the past!" sobbed Stranmore, as he still clung to her. "I do love you—I ever loved you—with all my heart, with all my soul! I was mad! There was a demoniac power at work that made me do what I did, and say what I said! My Joanna, forgive me! Oh God, pity me! and you too, Joanna—my only treasure, hope of my life—in mercy, speak to me! Oh, how I have sought you, and what tears, in the solitude of my wearied spirit, I have shed for you! Joanna, Joanna! there is no one who will love as I love you! Speak to me! Speak to me, and say that the past will all be forgotten and forgiven, and come to my heart again—that heart which is all your own! In mercy, speak to me! Pardon—pardon!—I do so love you—I will die at your feet—my angel—my life—my Joanna!"

He sobbed and raved in the wild agony of his heart, but she spoke not.

He was dragged and almost prostrate in the mud. The rain fell upon his defenceless head, even as it fell upon that of Joanna, for his hat had fallen. He almost shrieked in the delirious excitement of what seemed to him so dreadful a meeting, when she should thus see him at her feet and utter not a word—she, too, with such a look of despair upon her face—perhaps going to death—perhaps after, for all he knew, enduring misery in all shapes, about to take the awful plunge which separates the world from eternity. No wonder that his heart seemed breaking.

And Lionel Rashleigh was deeply affected. He strove to raise his friend from the ground—he called to Joanna—he remonstrated with her.

"Madam—Miss Cleveland—if indeed you be that young lady so long sought by my poor friend, will you have no mercy upon him? To err, is human; but to forgive divine. And oh, recollect how much we have all to be forgiven!"

But Joanna spoke not.

Then, as Lionel Rashleigh stooped over Charles Stranmore to raise him up, his sword—for he had been on guard at St. James's until a late hour, and had not had time to go home and change his dress, so he wore it—his sword clanked against the stones, and quick as thought a strange hand was upon its hilt, and it was half-drawn from its scabbard.

"Ah!" cried Lionel, as he started upright. "What is that?"

He strove to clutch the weapon, but unluckily got hold of the sheath only, so that instead of impeding Monti—for it was he who had reached the spot—he helped him unconsciously in getting possession of the weapon.

"Hold off!" said Monti, "as you value your lives, hold off! I am master of weapons like unto these."

The bright blade flashed in the gaslight, and Monti at once flung his arm around Joanna, adding, "Who dares cling thus to one who calls me husband?"

"Husband!" said Lionel.

"No, no!" cried Stranmore. "No—it is not so! Villain! I know you—I have heard of you, and seen you, too! Devil! I have ever thought that you were the fiend who had done all the mischief that has separated hearts, otherwise knit together in the face of heaven! Help me, Lionel—oh, help me!"

Lionel dashed forward to get within the guard of Monti, but he had to deal with one who, when he had said he was master of the weapon he wielded, had made no idle boast. There was a whirl and flash of the sword, and the young Guardsman fell to the ground, weltering in the blood that flowed from a wound in the side.

"He has killed me, Stranmore!" said Lionel. "Help! help! [illegible] villain! murderer!"

"Off—off, I say!" said Monti, in hoarse and angry accents.

[illegible] Joanna on his left arm, and making cuts and slashes at Charles [illegible] clung to her clothing, he called to the vehicle he had in waiting to come up.

Stimulated by the reward he had been promised, the driver lashed his horses up to the spot. He had a wife and little ones half-starving in a wretched mews had that driver, and five pounds was a fortune.

"Quick!" said Monti; this is my wife!"

"All right!"

"Help! help!" shouted Stranmore.

The sword fell with a trenchant blow on his brow, and he fell, rolling twice over on the stones. A policeman was seen running along the side of the square towards the spot. For one instant Monti glanced at Lionel and Stranmore, and then muttering to himself, "Two the less," he jumped into the cab, and placed Joanna by his side.

"The Edgeware road!—quick!—ten pounds!"

The horse reared for a moment, and then started off at a gallop. There was the sound of springing of rattles, and shouts of "Stop him!" but the pace was terrific. At the top of Oxford street another policeman made a spring at the horse's head.

"All right!" said Monti; "a large fire in Bond street—going for the engines!"

The cab tore on, and in a few more minutes stopped by Monti's direction at his own door on the Edgeware road.

"Wait!" he said to the man.

"Yes, sir. The—ten—pounds?"

"Shall be yours in ten minutes."

"All right, sir."

One short, sharp knock at the door, and it was instantly opened by the page. Monti passed in, carrying Joanna as easily as though she had been a child.

The driver of the cab looked about him anxiously, and spelt the name on the door, "Monti, Dentist." The horse was panting, and the vapor rose from his coat, through the soft rain that still kept falling.

Some three minutes might have elapsed, when Monti again appeared.

"Your money!" he said, as he placed more than ten pounds in gold in the man's hand.

"Thank you, sir. The young lady is—is——"

"What?"

"Your own wife, sir?"

"Of course. Do you know this place?"

"Monti, Dentist," said the man.

"Yes, that is it. But you are wet, and look exhausted; stay a moment, and I will give you a glass of wine. There is some, I saw, ready on the table."

"You are very kind, sir. I have not eaten anything since nine o'clock, for I have been unlucky to-day."

Monti went into the house again, and presently returned with a tumbler.

"Drink that," he said; "you won't complain of being unlucky again, I'm sure!"

"Thank you kindly, sir. God bless you, sir! So them young sparks wanted to take away your young wife, I suppose, sir?"

"They did."

"Good night, sir."

"Good night."

The cabman drove off; Monti closed the door, muttering as he did so, but one word—that word was, "Another!" About a quarter of an hour after that, the police, near the Regent Circus, found a cabman stiff dead on his perch at the back of the cab, and the horse rattling along, with one wheel of the vehicle on the pavement, which was what drew their attention to it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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[illegible] of dyspepsia. I know from [illegible] warranted to cure the worst case. It has been caused by canker in the stomach of thousands that [illegible]
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